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THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

ITS MORAL AND SOCIAL INFLUENCE ON AMERICA, AND THE WORLD AT LARGE.

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THE colonists of North America brought with them from England the seeds of the revolution. They had felt the blessings which were conferred on Europe by the establishment of Free Towns. They had drunk in the doctrines of Milton and Bacon, and were prepared for the lessons of Sidney, Fairfax, and Hampden. They had imbibed the whole spirit of the reformation. Independent, for the most part, in their fortunes, they were alike removed from nobility and mean birth. They not only possessed much of the learning of the period, but in proportion to their number, a greater amount of intelligence than is to be found in any European nation of the present day.

It is not necessary to inquire how far the spirit of the men who were laying the foundations of empire in the new world contributed to the first revolution in England — to the royal tragedy of 1648 Cromwell, and Hampden, and Haselrig, themselves forcibly prevented by Charles, whom they brought to the block, from emigrating to America, were animated by the same puritanical fever which raged with greater heat in the American colonies. It is easy to perceive, in the events of the new world, the aid which was thence derived to the revolution of 1688. The elements were at work which were silently but effectually to demolish the time-honored structure of Rome; and, in its room, to lay the foundations of that edifice which was finally reared by the act of settlement.

But the doctrines which brought Charles to the scaffold, and placed William and Mary upon the English throne, did not originate in the new world. They were the effect of circumstances favorable to the development of a principle whose birth was cœval with the dawn of intellectual light in Europe. It sprang from the Pandects of Justinian; from the commerce introduced by the Crusades; and was nursed by the press, that mighty agent of modern civilization. Nothing was wanting but the free doctrines of the pilgrim fathers, and the more beautiful, because more consistent, institutions of William Penn, to give energy to a principle which was already perceptible in its influence upon mankind.

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The settlers, in seeking an asylum from persecution, had no wish to sever the bonds which connected them with their native land. No Briton in the 'sea-girt isle,' surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of privileged orders of society, could more stoutly defend the political institutions of England than the pilgrims of Plymouth, the founders of Maryland, and the companions of William Penn. They proudly felt themselves a part of

'That happy breed of men, that little world,
'That precious gem set in the silver sea.'

They had been nurtured in the peculiar forms of a society which was endeared to them by the ties of ancestry, by the genius which gives effulgence to the literature of modern Europe, and by those proud achievements which have encircled, as with a halo, the page of English history.

But their situation was favorable to the growth of those germs of liberty, which were kindly planted in their father-land, while it repressed those *weeds* of which they had felt the noxious influence. Left alone in the boundless solitude of a *new* country, their minds sympathized with the untrammelled freedom of nature, and expanded with the contemplation of the things around them. It was here that toleration and the sacred rights of conscience were first proclaimed by Coddington, Williams, Lord Baltimore, and Penn. It was here those seeds were sown of political equality, which the destruction of the English rule of primogeniture could not fail to scatter.

With such elements in America, it required but a tranquil enjoyment of their new abode, or the least encroachment upon their rights, from England, to separate them for ever from their native home. The smooth current of their calm existence was at length rippled and disturbed in its un murmuring and peaceful flow. The resistance came from a trifling tax, which was imposed by parliament, without the colonial assent. The subsidy itself was too contemptible for complaint, but the act imposing it implied an authority to which they could not yield a voluntary obedience. It was the assertion of a principle which was inconsistent with popular freedom — a mere abstraction, which, in its effects, was unseen upon the wealth, and unfelt upon the happiness, of the people. The spirit of liberty had been fostered in a genial atmosphere: sustained and nourished, it was destined not only to found a new and independent empire, but to form an era for sending back to Europe some of those treasures of wisdom, which shot up and blossomed amidst the solitudes of the new world.

The revolution was essentially a contest of doctrine. It resulted in the triumph of a principle, which, though imperceptible to visions rendered weak by the sunny pageantry of courts, and the showy glitter of rank and title, was still existent, and had long been struggling for ascendancy. That principle was *the sovereignty of the people at large*. The sun of the American firmament, it shines in the centre of the American system, dispensing life and warmth to all within its influence, and gilding with its rays a distant horizon.

The first effect produced upon a people who had emerged from the condition of royal colonists to independent republicans, would

be perceptible in their external manners. The friends of power, accustomed to a royal prism, which could not detect in a republic the tints of the rainbow, nor the gaudy colors reflected through such a medium, have voted us unsightly. Their glass has had the virtue of a powerful lens, in magnifying the roughness and distorting the agreeable forms which lie upon the social surface. But, after all, need the truth be suppressed? Can it be denied that some of the sons of liberty are distinguished by an air of independence, not to say a certain swagger, which does not display its effects in the most captivating mode. The sense of freedom indeed betrays itself in uncouth and grotesque forms; often amusing, and sometimes ridiculous. The anecdotes related by the Duke of Saxe Weimar, partake of this mingled yarn. These burning lights of independence

—‘love their land because it is *their own*,
And scorn to give aught *other* reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty.’

But say what we will, reason as we may, this important demeanor, this rude exhibition of the sense of liberty, seems to be a natural process in the operation of popular ideas; and springs from elements which, in a republic, it would hardly be safe to suppress or control. An eminent American, now resident at Paris, perceives in the lower classes of the inhabitants less of that pliant ductility which formerly marked every order of Frenchmen. Something, said Burke, must be pardoned to the spirit of liberty.

The greatness of the change which has been effected in the popular manners, may be understood, by comparing the shame-faced and retiring Englishmen of Canada, with the upright mien and lofty port of the free-born citizens of the United States:

‘Men whose stately tread
Brings from the dust the sound of liberty.’

Without manufactures, without commerce, and overwhelmed by nearly the whole force of that pernicious and inhuman traffic of the mother country, which, while it desolated Africa, has perpetuated injustice here, our manners and our fortunes were alike provincial. Canada enjoys many advantages, and is exempted from various burthens, to which we were exposed by the prevalence of a less liberal and enlightened policy. The people were ambitious of grandeur, without the means of supporting it. They longed for the artificial distinctions of the old world. They sympathized in its feelings, adopted its sentiments, and imitated its example. All these are now only the dim and shadowy pageants of the past; the reminiscences of a day which belongs to history.

In a country of such vast geographical extent, the most striking differences of character and custom must prevail. The two extremes of society, at the east and the west, are distinguished by opposing contrarieties. In the west, an English traveller thus writes to his correspondent of an evening party: ‘We have just returned,’ says he, ‘from an American ball, *fatigued with impertinence, and wet with spittle.*’ Highly wrought and fanciful as the description may appear, we recognise in it such a likeness to the original as belongs

to extravagant caricature. The lineaments of the picture may be true, but the coloring is gross. I shall not stay to describe the social peculiarities of our *oriental* countrymen. The east must indeed be a hard subject, which could catch no roseate hue from that pencil whose creations decked in fanciful splendor even the sorry realities of the islands of Loo Choo. Such pictures of the national habits remind one of the portraiture given of Muscat, by a British officer, as depicted by Sir John Malcom, in his sketches of Persia. The ship having touched at Muscat, the commander called for the account which each officer was required, by a rule of the admiralty, to give of the people, when a reluctant tar presented the following graphic delineation: '*The inhabitants of Muscat.*—As for manners, they have *none*; and their *customs are very beastly.*'

Without discussing the social diversities which prevail in different parts of the confederacy, I will seize upon features which are common alike to all. We may discern in the somewhat rugged outlines of the social landscape, one gentler spot upon which the eye may rest with pleasure. It is a trait in the American character, which belongs rather to a chivalric and poetic, than to a plodding and commercial, age. Let the boorish German and the selfish Briton complain of the inconveniences and privations which it imposes. Let the great champion of female rights herself inveigh against its influence upon the sex, while she felt, at every step of her American pilgrimage, its humanizing effects. It is too nearly connected with manly virtue and native generosity, ever to be lost or neglected. I allude to the respect which, in America, is ever and at all times paid to *woman*. The American will cherish this spirit of courtesy, as a distinctive quality, as a noble characteristic. Without aspiring to the extravagant romance of Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia, he may be ever ready to contend, with generous ardor, for the rights and honor of his countrywomen.

With many estimable points in the national manners, it cannot be denied that our vainglory and impatience under censure are excessive. The gibes of a vulgar Englishman inflict as much pain as if they were the offspring of correct judgment, and informed criticism. It is said that certain medals and dull jests, invented by the United Provinces against Louis XIV., led to the celebrated expedition of that monarch, in 1672; and had nearly been the cause of their ruin. The United States may instance more dull jests from British tourists than Louis had to complain of. But thanks to their sharp-sighted and active ill nature, we have been made to perceive peculiarities and imperfections in our social state, of which we had not before discovered the existence.

America has nothing so much to avoid, as the adoption of modes unsuited to her habits, and uncongenial with her situation; modes which are recommended by no taste, but that arbitrary one which depends upon the ever-changing and capricious mutability of foreign fashion. That system of society is always the most agreeable, which springs out of *circumstances*, and is the natural and unforced growth of the soil in which it flourishes. To all cavillers at the peculiarities of our social state, let us at least be able to make one reply, *that it is our own*. Let it have the merit of reflecting the true condition of the national mind; let it be devoid of false or fanciful pre-

tensions. While this system is polished to the highest refinement of which social intercourse is capable, LET IT BE AMERICAN. As a nation, we have a *right* to this system. It forms a part of that conquest which was achieved at the revolution; it belongs to our individuality; it springs from our independence.

If we go beyond the surface of the American character, an unrestrained impetuosity of action is discoverable. We perceive this feature in the destructive fury of an excited multitude, in the frequent commission of passionate homicide, and the still more frequent occurrence of the duel, that shocking relic of an unenlightened age. Causes greatly inadequate, and often frivolous, have led to such disasters. But what shall we say to a fatal rencontre with Bowie knives, in the very hall of a state legislature, and the deadly use of the rifle, by members of Congress? Such enormities do deeper injury to republican institutions, and more vitally affect the national character, than the wittiest sarcasm against the homeliness of our domestic society.

It is much to be regretted, that a practice so repugnant to every principle of sound ethics and good citizenship, is not branded with indelible odium. But it cannot be concealed, that while a mortal rencounter is deplored, and the survivor is execrated, the man who declines a challenge is persecuted as unmanly, and charged with cowardice. But we need not despair. The *moral* as well as the literary schoolmaster is abroad. Mobs and duels cannot withstand the potency of his influence. The force of opinion, that tremendous engine, which, in this country, overpowers every opposing element, is rousing from its torpor, to a just appreciation of their evils. It will speak with a voice which cannot be silenced, when the excitements which have agitated the popular wave shall have subsided, and party spirit shall repose from its load of violence and crimination.

One of the effects of universal liberty is, to make every man a politician, since each citizen forms a part of the state. As politics is the great highway of honor, all are ambitious of entering it. In this crowd, the high and the low, if such a classification be admitted, are jostling each other. Here no illustrious alliance can promote the success of a candidate. Here no one

‘Stands for fame on his forefathers’ feet,
By heraldry proved valiant or discreet.’

No patent of nobility is recognised, except that which has been conferred by bountiful nature, with the great seal appendant of moral and intellectual superiority.

A contest in which a nation at large form the judges, must be as public as the tribunal which pronounces the decree. Hence oratory, of a certain order, is cultivated throughout the republic. So universal is this *cacœthes loquendi*, that we have been called ‘a nation of talkers.’ The stripling just emerging from college, the mechanic fresh from his labor, the man of science forgetting his laboratory, and the artist abandoning his easel and his studio, have been known to pay to this object a temporary devotion.

But what is the kind of cultivation which an art so much practised receives? Does the oratorical aspirant, like Demosthenes, form his manner and fashion his style by the diligent study and frequent

transcription of a great model? Does he, like Cicero, deem it necessary to be accomplished in all the polite and elegant learning of the age? No! The preparation which *he* requires, is the art of juggling the multitude; the beach before which he practises his frothy declamation, is a roaring and tumultuous town meeting. The empty diffusiveness, no less than the general inelegance, of our declaimers, is a theme of standing reproach. :

*'To thump, NOT REASON, their whole force they bend,
And all their sense is at their fingers' end.'*

Louis XII. was once heard to complain, that the cause of his growing gray, was the long-winded speeches to which he had been doomed to listen. If long speeches may produce such an effect, the American nation should be the most grisly people' under the sun. Our senators and legislators, our convention-men and judges, our jurors, and the sovereign people themselves, should all be as hoary as badgers. Unmeaning verbiage and idle circumlocution are the crying evils of the land. But let it not be forgotten, that amid this profusion of windy haranguers, we may name an Ames, a Patrick Henry, a Pinckney, a Wirt, beside many illustrious contemporaries, as worthy of proud niches in the great temple of oratory; men who, by the commanding power and brilliancy of their eloquence, would confer honor upon any nation of ancient or modern times.

It was not likely that a society composed of such men as emigrated to this country, would long permit science to be in its cradle. Every thing around them, indeed, invited to practical labor. The deep forests and the glassy streams spoke a language which could not be misunderstood. But no sooner had the austerities of nature assumed the more pleasing garb of cultivation, and were made capable of ministering to convenience, than money gave up to science a part of that dominion which she had previously enjoyed. Over this little principality, the powers of theology and verse disputed for a time the palm of empire. The rule which theology asserted, was marked by copious effusions of ink, if not of blood. A close and cautious spirit of investigation succeeded. We are indebted to this spirit for such a benefactor as Godfrey. To this, and the superadded impulsion of a subsequent age, we are to ascribe a Rittenhouse and a Franklin; men whom no situation but that in which they were placed, and no institutions but those of America, could have fostered and formed. The genius of these men bore upon it the impress of their birth-place. The authors of the planetarian and electricity, not to mention the maxims of Poor Richard, were the spontaneous growth of the American soil, cherished and nurtured by the genial spirit of our home-bred institutions. But apart from physical science, nature had placed before the learned of America a subject of inquiry peculiarly its own. The minds of antiquarians were called into action respecting the antiquities and former condition of the American continent. They were to explore the descent, languages, and original state, of that remarkable race whom our ancestors found in possession of this country. Nature herself had committed this subject to our assiduity and care. As oppression and rapacity were

fast hurrying this devoted race into the grave, it became us, as an intellectual nation, at least to gather the scattered and mutilated fragments of their history, so as to inscribe upon their tomb an intelligent epitaph. Without disparagement to the learned labors of a Bartram, the writers of the *Mithridates*, a Heckwelder, a Pickering, a Cass, a Schoolcraft, and a Gallatin, it may be said that it was reserved for a venerable citizen of Philadelphia to penetrate the labyrinths of this intricate subject; and by it, to add one of the brightest leaves to the American bays.

In the department of polite and elegant literature, native genius has imparted celebrity to spots, even in the new world of America. The original genius of Cooper, the inimitable pen of Irving, the beautiful page of Bryant, have made the scenes of their descriptions classic ground. Bancroft and Sparks are doing for our history and historical names, what those are achieving in the walks of external society and external nature. We are not old enough to point the literary pilgrim to the mouldering tombs of a Westminster Abbey. The axe with which our forests have been felled, is still in the hands of the wood-chopper. His sturdy strokes may almost be heard amid the noise of our cities, which they have so lately contributed to build. They are only silenced by the greater din of busy life, which exigency or enterprise has called into being, in spots where nature reigned in majestic wildness and primeval solitude. But young as is the country, in its physical state, the materials are at hand to form a system of literature, which shall at once be new and improved.

A national literature does not imply an abandonment of those masters of the human heart, who have traced, with pencils of genius and truth, the great features of human nature. The literature of Rome, embellished and refined, while it *imitated*, that of Greece. The polite learning of modern Europe is largely indebted to both, for its elegance and nature. Pope and Thomson are suns formed by the converging rays of less distinguished luminaries. Genius cannot be impaired of its gifts, by pondering the fair forms which genius itself has created. The fire which was lighted by Prometheus, may be kept alive by the torches of Homer and Virgil, of Milton and Shakspeare. America owes it to herself and to mankind, that her system of letters should be *her own*. As a mirror, it should reflect American manners; it should embody American ideas; it should inculcate those great principles of social morality, upon which man must depend for his advancement and perfection.

But however learning and genius have added to the national fame, partiality itself must admit, that little active aid has been contributed from the public bounty. Astronomical science yet asks for an observatory, and the national library languishes for want of encouragement. When we compare the pigmy collections of Philadelphia and Cambridge, the largest libraries in this country, with the magnificent cabinets of Paris, Vienna, London, and many others, it need not be concealed, that the national pride receives a wound. In the various departments of history, except domestic, modern literature and science, our collections do not embrace all which the wants of the learned student demand. The life of Columbus, by Irving, a work destined to imperishable fame, could not, from the absence of

materials, have been written in America. Mr. Wheaton could not have brought to completion his learned and elegant history of the Northmen, except in Europe. The admirable work on Ferdinand and Isabella, by Mr. Prescott, though written on this side of the Atlantic, was chiefly dependant for its materials on the other.

The library of Philadelphia is upward of a century old. Its late highly intelligent librarian* computes the present number of volumes at 46,000; a number exceeding, it is true, any other library on this side of the Atlantic, but not commensurate with the growing wants of the literature and science of the city. The Royal Library of Paris, less than half a century ago, numbered only 80,000 printed volumes and mss. It now presents, in its totality, upward of 700,000 volumes. The British Museum, founded long since the establishment of the Philadelphia Library, now amounts to 240,000 volumes. The value of a library, it is true, does not depend upon its numerical superiority alone; but there is no doubt, from the bibliographical knowledge which guards the Royal Library of Paris, and the British Museum, that the excellence of their *contents* is in proportion to their number.

It becomes a wise and enlightened people, intent upon a high destiny, to adopt the means necessary to subserve it. It was one evidence of decay, that in a luxurious age of the Roman empire, the reading of Roman senators was confined to Marius Maximus and Juvenal. In a country in which native energy has not been debilitated by luxury; where mind, untrammelled, roves with perpetual activity, explores new regions of thought, and penetrates new sources of truth and intelligence; where every man is a reader, and all have a keen appetite for knowledge; the means should be multiplied commensurately with its importance and necessity. Without dwelling longer upon a theme which might be amplified by so many reflections, it is enough to say, that no act would confer *higher literary glory upon the United States*, than adding to the treasures of its public library. The government of France requires a copy to be deposited in the Royal Library of every work which is issued from the press, throughout the kingdom. A similar regulation obtains in Austria and Russia, for the benefit of the royal libraries of Vienna and St. Petersburg. From the operation of so wise and salutary a provision, these libraries are monuments of honor and renown to those despotic nations. The British Museum, which has proved, in England, the great nursery of merit, the light of genius, the ladder to eminence, has been fostered by the same liberality, aided by the direct munificence of the sovereign. Congress has already purchased the papers of Washington and Madison. It could present adequate inducements to private persons for the opening of their private cabinets, in which are deposited those documents which are so material to illustrate our national history, and transmit our national fame. It could enact a law similar to those which aug-

* GEORGE CAMPBELL, ESQ., whose integrity of character and scrupulous accuracy in regard to facts, have gained for him as his high repute in bibliography. This gentleman was librarian of the Philadelphia Library for twenty-three years, during the whole of which time he attended the library regularly six days in the week, and was never once absent from his post.

ment the libraries of France and England, Austria and Russia. It could enrich the present collection by a purchase now offered to its acceptance, of the greatest treasure of one of the greatest biblioplists of this bibliothecal age.

But the principle adopted at the revolution has not merely produced a *superficial* change in the manners of the people. It has not only imparted a new complexion to literature, and given a new impulse to science. Its effects are deeper and more pervading. An idea so highly deemed, one which has been preserved from age to age, though occasionally obscured by unpropitious accidents, should be distinguished by benefits corresponding to its high estimation. In another and concluding number, we shall take a rapid glance at the blessings it has conferred, and trace its extended and manifold agency in our own and in distant lands.

D A R K N E S S .

DARKNESS, I love thee! — when the last faint beam
Of day hath faded from the summer sky,
How sweet to wander by some gentle stream,
While all around Night's sable shadows lie,
And catch the plashing of a distant oar;
To hear faint voices borne upon the wind,
And gaze far on, nor view the verdant shore,
That boat, those voices, scarce have left behind!

Darkness, I love thee! — when the sudden swell
Of music bursts on the enraptured ear,
And chains the spirit with a mystic spell,
Like sounds unearthly from some hallowed sphere;
We turn to look upon a fair young brow,
Shaded with sunny tresses; on a cheek
Flush'd with deep feeling; and what meets us now?
Sadness, and darkness, for the form we seek!

Darkness, I love thee! — when the lightning plays
Through cloud-piled masses with a lurid glare,
Flash following flash, in one bright liquid blaze,
While peals of thunder shake the troubled air:
And when, like infant on its mother's breast,
Who sobs to sleep, its gust of passion o'er,
The storm is gone, and winds and waves at rest,
I love thee then as dearly as before!

Darkness, I love thee! — when the full heart thrills
With untold rapture — power of utterance gone;
Tear after tear, the downcast eyelid fills,
Flush after flush comes mantling, and alone
With one loved being, with whose destiny
Ours is close link'd — no sight, no sound
Breaks on the stillness; yet we feel an eye
Beams on us, in whose life our own is bound!

Darkness, I love thee! — when the midnight hour
Tells that thy reign too soon will pass away;
When hearts are bared before that unseen Power,
Too oft forgotten 'mid the light of day;
And as the rushing memories come back,
Of days, and hopes, and friends, I long
To soar away to yon bright star-lit track,
Whose glories, Darkness, round thy pathway throng!

J. C.

A SCENE IN RUSSIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN ARABIA PETRÆA AND THE HOLY LAND.'

GREAT FÊTE AT PETERHOFF.

THE whole population of Petersburg was in motion, on the day appointed for the great fête at Peterhoff. It was expected that the entertainment would be more than usually splendid, on account of the presence of the Queen of Holland, then on a visit to her sister the empress; and at an early hour the splendid equipages of the nobility, carriages, droskeys, telegas, and carts, were hurrying along the banks of the Neva, while steam-boats, sail-boats, row-boats, and craft of every description, were gliding on the bosom of the river.

As the least trouble, we chose a steam-boat, and at twelve o'clock embarked at the English Quay. The boat was crowded with passengers, and among them was an old English gentleman, a merchant of thirty years' standing in St. Petersburg. I soon became acquainted with him, how I do not know, and his lady told me, that the first time I passed them, she remarked to her husband that I was an American. A lady made the same remark to me at Smyrna. Without knowing exactly how to understand it, I mention it as a fact, showing the nice discrimination acquired by persons in the habit of seeing travellers from different countries. Before landing, the old gentleman told me that his boys had gone down in a pleasure-boat, abundantly provided with materials, and asked me to go on board and lunch with them, which, upon the invitation being extended to my friend, I accepted.

Peterhoff is about twenty-five versts from St. Petersburg, and the whole bank of the Neva on that side is adorned with palaces and beautiful summer residences of the Russian seigneurs. It stands at the mouth of the Neva, on the borders of the Gulf of Finland. Opposite is the city of Cronstadt, the seaport of St. Petersburg, and the anchorage of the Russian fleet. It was then crowded with merchant ships of every nation, with flags of every color streaming from their spars, in honor of the day. On landing, we accompanied our new friends, and found 'the boys,' three fine young fellows just growing up to manhood, in a handsome little pleasure-boat, with a sail arranged as an awning, waiting for their parents. We were introduced and received with open arms, and sat down to a cold collation, in good old English style, at which, for the first time since I left home, I fastened upon an old-fashioned sirloin of roast beef. It was a delightful meeting for me. The old people talked to me about my travels, and the old lady particularly, with almost a motherly interest in a straggling young man, inquired about my parents, brothers and sisters, etc.; and I made my way with the frank-hearted 'boys,' by talking 'boat.' Altogether, it was a regular home family scene; and, after the lunch, we left the old people under the awning, promising to return at nine o'clock for tea, and with 'the boys' set off to view the fête.

From the time when we entered the grounds, until we left, at one

o'clock the next morning, the whole was a fairy scene. The grounds extended some distance along the shore, and the palace stands on an embankment, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet high, commanding a full view of the Neva, Cronstadt, with its shipping, and the Gulf of Finland. We followed along the banks of a canal, five hundred yards long, bordered by noble trees. On each side of the canal were large wooden frames, about sixty feet high, filled with glass lamps for the illumination; and at the foot of each was another high frame-work, with lamps, forming, among other things, the arms of Russia, the double-headed eagle, and under it a gigantic star, thirty or forty feet in diameter. At the head of the canal was a large basin of water, and in the centre of the basin stood a colossal group in brass, of a man tearing open the jaws of a rampant lion; and out of the mouth of the lion rushed a jet d'eau, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet high. On each side of this basin, at a distance of about three hundred feet, was a smaller basin, with a jet d'eau in each, about half its height, and all around were jets d'eaux, of various kinds, throwing water vertically and horizontally; among them I remember a figure larger than life, leaning forward in the attitude of a man throwing the discus, with a powerful stream of water rushing from his clinched fist. These basins were at the foot of the embankment on which stands the palace. In the centre was a broad flight of steps leading to the palace, and on each side was a continuous range of marble slabs, to the top of the hill, over which poured down a sheet of water, the slabs being placed so high and far apart as to allow lamps to be arranged behind the water. All over, along the public walks, and in retired alcoves, were frames hung with lamps; and every where, under the trees and on the open lawn, were tents of every size and fashion, beautifully decorated; many of them, oriental in style and elegance, were fitted up as places of refreshment. Thousands of people, dressed in their best attire, were promenading the grounds, but there were no vehicles, until, in turning a point, we espied, at some distance up an avenue, and coming quietly toward us, a plain open carriage, with two horses and two English jockey outriders, in which were a gentleman and lady, whom, without the universal taking off of hats around us, I recognised at once as the emperor and empress. I am not apt to be carried away by any profound admiration for royalty, but, without consideration of their rank, I never saw a finer specimen of true gentility; in fact, he looked every inch a king, and she was my beau ideal of a queen, in appearance and manners. They bowed as they passed, and, as I thought, being outside of the line of Russians, and easily recognised as a stranger, their courtesy was directed particularly to me; but I found that my companion took it very much to himself, and no doubt every long-bearded Russian near us did the same. In justice to myself, however, I may almost say that I had a conversation with the emperor; for although his imperial highness did not speak to me, he spoke in a language which none but I (and the queen and his jockey outriders) understood; for, waving his hand to them, I heard him say in English, 'To the right.' After this *interview* with his majesty, we walked up to the palace. The splendid regiments of cavalier guards were drawn up around it, every private carrying

himself like a prince; and I did not admire all his palaces, nor hardly his queen, so much as this splendid body of armed followers. Behind the palace is a large plain, cut up into gravel-walks, having, in one place, a basin of water, with water-works of various kinds, among which were some of peculiar beauty, falling in the form of a semi-globe.

A little before dark, we retired to a refectory under a tent, until the garden was completely lighted up, that we might have the full effect of the illumination at one coup d'œil; and, when we went out, the dazzling brilliancy of the scene within the semi-circular illumination around the water-works, was beyond description. This semi-circular frame-work enclosed, in a large sweep, the three basins, and terminated at the embankment in which the palace stands, presenting all around an immense fiery scroll in the air, sixty or eighty feet high, and filled with all manner of devices; and for its back-ground a broad sheet of water, falling over a range of steps, with lighted lamps behind it, forming an illuminated cascade, while the basins were blazing with the light thrown upon them from myriads of lamps, and the colossal figures, of a reddened and unearthly hue, were spouting columns of water into the air. More than two hundred thousand people were supposed to be assembled in the garden, in every variety of gay, brilliant, and extraordinary costume. St. Petersburg was half depopulated, and thousands of peasants were assembled from the neighboring provinces. I was accidentally separated from all my companions; and, alone among thousands, sat down on the grass, and for an hour watched the throng passing through the illuminated circle, and ascending the broad steps leading toward the palace. Among all this immense crowd there was no rabble; not a dress that could offend the eye; but intermingled with the ordinary costumes of Europeans were the Russian shop-keeper, with his long surtout, his bell-crowned hat, and solemn beard; Cossacks, and Circassian soldiers, and Calmuc Tartars, and cavalier guards; hussars, with the sleeves of their rich jackets dangling loose over their shoulders, tossing plumes, and helmets glittering with steel, intermingled throughout with the gay dresses of ladies, while near me, and, like me, carelessly stretched on the grass, under the light of thousands of lamps, was a group of peasants from Finland, fiddling and dancing; the women, with light hair, bands around their heads, and long jackets enwrapping their square forms, and the men with long great-coats, broad-brimmed hats, and a bunch of shells in front.

Leaving this brilliant scene, I joined the throng on the steps, and by the side of a splendid hussar, stooping his manly figure to whisper in the ears of a lovely girl, I ascended to the palace, and presented my ticket of admission to the *Bal Masqué*, so called from their being on masks there. I had not been presented at court, and consequently, had only admission to the outer apartments with the people. I had, however, the range of a succession of splendid rooms, richly decorated with vases and tazzas of precious stones, candelabras, couches, ottomans, superb mirrors, and inlaid floors, and the centre room, extending several hundred feet in length, had its lofty walls covered to the very ceilings with portraits of all the female beauties in Russia, about eighty years ago. I was about being tired of gazing

at these pictures of long-sleeping beauties, when the great doors at one end were thrown open, and the emperor and empress, attended by the whole court, passed through, on their way to the banquetting-hall. Although I had been in company with the emperor before, in the garden, and though I had taken off my hat to the empress, both passed without recognising me. The court at St. Petersburg is admitted to be the most brilliant in Europe; the dresses of the members of the diplomatic corps, and the uniforms of the general and staff officers, being really magnificent, while those of the ladies sparkled with jewels. Beside the emperor and empress, the only acquaintance I recognised in that constellation of brilliantly-dressed people, were Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Clay, who, for republicans, made a very fair blaze. I saw them enter the banquetting-hall, painted in oriental style to represent a tent, and might have had the pleasure of seeing the emperor and empress and all that brilliant collection eat; but, turning away from a noise that destroyed much of the illusion, viz., the clatter of knives and forks, and a little piqued at the cavalier treatment I had received from the court circles, I went out on the balcony and soliloquized, 'Fine feathers make fine birds;' but look back a little, ye dashing cavaliers and supercilious ladies! In the latter part of the seventeenth century, a French traveller in Russia wrote that 'most men treat their wives as a necessary evil, regarding them with a proud and stern eye, and even beating them after.*' Dr. Collins, physician to the Czar in 1670, as an evidence of the progress of civilization in Russia, says, that the custom of tying up wives by the hair of the head, and flogging them, begins to be left off; accounting for it, however, by the prudence of parents, who made a stipulative provision in the marriage contract, that their daughters were not to be whipped, struck, kicked, etc. But even in this improved state of society, one man 'put upon his wife a shirt dipped in ardent spirits, and burnt her to death,' and was not punished, there being, according to the doctor, 'no punishment in Russia for killing a wife or a slave.' When no provision was made in the marriage contract, he says, they were accustomed to discipline their wives very severely. At the marriage the bridegroom had a whip in one boot, and a jewel in the other, and the poor girl tried her fortune by choosing. 'If she happens upon the jewel,' says another traveller, 'she is lucky; but if on the whip, she gets it.' The bridegroom rarely saw his companion's face till after the marriage, when, it is said, 'if she be ugly, she pays for it soundly, may be the first time he sees her.' Ugliness being punished with the whip, the women painted to great excess; and a traveller in 1636 saw the grand duchess and her ladies on horseback, astride, 'most wickedly bepainted.' The day after a lady had been at an entertainment, the hostess was accustomed to ask how she got home; and the polite answer was, 'your ladyship's hospitality made me so tipsy, that I don't know how I got home.' And for the climax of their barbarity — it can scarcely be believed, but it is recorded as a fact — the women did not begin to wear stays till the beginning of the present century!

* THE agreeable author of 'Sketches in Paris' informs us, that a Russian wife, when the husband neglects to beat her for a month or two, becomes alarmed at his indifference!

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

Soothed by these rather ill-natured reflections, I turned to the illuminated scene, and the thronging thousands below, descended once more to the garden, passed down the steps, worked my way through the crowd, and fell into a long avenue, like all the rest of the garden, brilliantly lighted, but entirely deserted. At the end of the avenue, I came to an artificial lake, opposite which was a small square two-story cottage, being the old residence of Peter the Great, the founder of all the magnificence of Peterhoff. It was exactly in the style of our ordinary country houses, and the furniture was of a simplicity that contrasted strangely with the surrounding splendor. The door opened into a little hall, in which were two old-fashioned Dutch mahogany tables, with oval leaves, legs tapering and enlarging at the feet into something like a horse-shoe; just such a table as every one may remember in his grandfather's house, and recalling to mind the simpler style of our own country, some thirty or forty years ago. In a room on one side was the old Czar's bed, a low, broad wooden bedstead, with a sort of canopy over it, the covering of the canopy and the coverlet being of striped calico; the whole house, inside and out, was hung with lamps, illumining it with a glare that was almost distressing, contrasted with the simplicity of Peter's residence; and, as if to give greater contrast to this simplicity, while I was standing in the door of the hall, I saw roll by me, in splendid equipages, the emperor and empress, with the whole of the brilliant court which I had left in the banqueting hall, now making a tour of the gardens. The carriages were all of one pattern, long, hung low, without any tops, and somewhat like our omnibuses, except that, instead of seats being on one side, there was a partition in the middle, not higher than the back of a sofa, with large seats like sofas on each side, on which the company sat in a row, with their backs to each other; in front was a high and large box for the coachman, and a footman behind. It was so light that I could distinguish the faces of every gentleman and lady as they passed; and there was something so unique in the exhibition, that, with the splendor of the court dresses, it seemed the climax of the brilliant scenes at Peterhoff. I followed them with my eyes till they were out of sight, gave one more look to the modest pillow on which old Peter reposed his careworn head, and at about one o'clock in the morning left the garden. A frigate brilliantly illuminated was firing a salute, the flash of her guns lighting up the dark surface of the water, as I embarked on board the steam-boat. At two o'clock, the morning twilight was like that of day; at three o'clock, I was at my hotel, and probably at ten minutes past, asleep.

A SKETCH.

SHE smiled in death, and still her cold, pale face
Retains that smile; as when a waveless lake,
In which the wintry stars all bright appear,
Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice,
Still it reflects the face of heaven unchanged,
Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.

SUMMER MORNING.

Go forth, thou care-worn man,
And roam the woods once more,
The forest pathway tread,
And by the lake's calm shore;
Forget thy hoarded gold,
Thou reckless man of sin,
And let this summer morning
A short-lived homage win.

Go forth, thou sinless child,
With that archly-beaming eye,
Shout forth thy buoyant gladness,
And nature will reply;
Thy favorite brook is trilling
A mirthful glee to-day,
And countless voices calling,
'Forth to the woods, away !'

Go forth, thou maiden fair,
Where glides the peaceful stream,
Where woodland flow'rs are springing,
A waking vision dream;
O joy that never wearies !
On thy lover thou art dwelling;
Thy deeply-shrouded secret
That blush is boldly telling.

Go forth, aspiring youth,
To ponder daring schemes;
Thou wilt come yet once again,
To mourn those fatal dreams;
And marvel thou couldst leave
Yon sweet secluded glen,
To win the phantom glory,
Among thy fellow men.

Go forth, thou languid form,
Thou who art doomed to die,
Whose fate is written on that flush,
And in that glassy eye;
Go forth, and once again
Revel in this pure air;
Unconscious of the future,
Pour forth a hopeful prayer.

And thou, whose poet's soul
Worships each dale and wood,
Thy airy visions weave
In yon sweet solitude;
Though counsel'd by the wise
And cold to shun such lure,
O, keep that inner fount
Of thought and feeling pure !

A. E.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ECONOMY.

A TREATISE FOR THE TIMES.

PART TWO.

THE capital source of by far the greatest part of the poverty and unhappiness of all civilized countries, arises from the waste made by the rich of their revenues on that which is not wealth, and which affords no gratification that a reasonable being ought not to be ashamed of; and the poor labor to produce that which is not wealth, which adds nothing to the common stock of good and useful things, from which the wants of rich and poor alike are supplied, but which serves only to degrade and ruin the fashionable class, and all other classes, in the degree in which they follow their example. To form some estimate of the loss society suffers from this misemployment of revenue and labor, it is necessary to recur to an elementary principle of political economy.

Why are cotton fabrics so much cheaper than they were forty years ago? The answer is ready with every body. Through the means of improved machinery, more productive power has been brought to bear upon the manufacture. The product has been multiplied almost beyond calculation. Its price has fallen in some proportion to the additional power which has been brought to the aid of the manufacturer. The fabric is more plenty. Its use is enjoyed by millions who could not before afford the expense. Every other useful product is subject to the same law. Now, whatever amount

of labor and capital is expended in the production and purchase of useless things, is so much withdrawn from the beneficial industry of a nation. Its effect is equivalent to what would follow the breaking up of a corresponding number of cotton-spinning machines, or rather their perversion to the use of some manufacture quite destitute of intrinsic value, and too expensive for most people to buy. The substantial wealth and comfort of the people suffers a dead loss, to the full amount of the good things that might be produced by the labor and capital thrown away. The useless labor expended on some article of short-lived, fashionable finery, would have sufficed to produce a number of articles of durable use, both to the rich and the poor.

This double fault of the consumers and producers of wealth, deserves to be examined a little more particularly. Much of the vulgar finery, and other useless things, paid for by all classes, and especially by the fashionable rich, require in their production a degree of skill beyond that of the great body of artisans. Ten times more is paid by a class of wealthy people; (we use the terms 'rich' and 'wealthy,' in their popular sense, not that we think they are rightly used; we maintain that at least ninety-nine hundredths of mankind are *poor*, destitute of a thousand useful and elegant things, which they *ought* to have, because they *might* have;) but some among those who pass for rich, we say, pay ten times more for articles of rare and curious workmanship, and some empty and frivolous enjoyments, than for the really useful, and often more *beautiful* products, to which the skill of the majority of workmen is equal. The consequence is, that this class of people do very little by their expenditure to support useful industry. They pay thousands to a celebrated dancer, or the artificer of some rare finery in dress and furniture; but have often less than their less wealthy neighbors to pay to the creators of those useful and permanently valuable things, on which the welfare and improvement of society depend.

Those who defend the production and use of every variety of frivolous luxuries, on the assumption that it is necessary to afford employment to the poor, would have a good foundation for their argument, if all the *actual wants* of people were supplied, and every commendable desire furnished with ample means for its gratification. If we had every desirable comfort in our houses, good and fine gardens, green houses; libraries well selected, and well read, cabinets of minerals, and other specimens in natural history; good school-houses, and school-masters, paid as gentlemen in an important learned profession ought to be; servants suitably employed, well paid, and contented; if we were supplied with all these, and innumerable other things which minister to the comfort, the real happiness and dignity of man, and if there were any poor people still unemployed, it would then be time, if we could find nothing better for them to do, to employ them in making that species of fashionable finery for which some people, who *might* be independent, pay out the largest half of their incomes; or, as Mr. Sedgwick would say, set them to blowing soap-bubbles. The question is, not whether we shall expend our money for frivolous luxuries, or let the producers of those luxuries starve, but whether we shall gratify a distempered vanity at the

cost of depriving ourselves of actual comforts, and a number of permanently useful and elegant fabrics ; or, by the purchase of useful things, encourage that kind of industry which is worthy of men, and discourage that which tends to make them slaves.

If, indeed, the question were between hoarding wealth, as misers, (a description of maniacs, we may hope, extinct in this country, at least,) and expending it under the dispensation of fashion, it would need but little intelligence to vote for the latter abuse. Better the heaps of the miser were distributed by any means, short of plunder, than to remain buried.

It is true, the revenues of the rich cannot contribute to the support of the laboring poor, unless they are consumed in some way, productively or unproductively. If unproductive consumption is preferred, there is still a choice to be made between transient gratifications and frivolous toys, and those things which render comfortable, adorn, and dignify human life. In either case, a product of human labor is paid for ; the latter are the products of that kind of labor which is beneficial to all classes of mankind ; the former, of that kind of labor which tends to the poverty of the greater part, and the debasement of all. But if productive consumption is preferred, these results follow : The revenue becomes capital, and yields an interest or profit to its owner ; a more respectable satisfaction than is procured by some kinds of unproductive consumption. This capital creates a demand for labor, and tends to raise wages ; it extends and facilitates industry, and cheapens its products. On such grounds as these, Adam Smith pronounces every careful and frugal person to be a benefactor to society. The position of Malthus, Chalmers, etc., that production, and consequently the demand for capital, must find, if it has not already found, a limit in the inability of purchasers, is opposed to plain fact. The owners of this capital, and they whose industry it puts in motion, are themselves the purchasers, the consumers, for they comprise the whole of mankind ; the lenders of money, and other property ; the managers, the workmen, the learned professions, and public functionaries, who all, if they are honest, work to a good purpose, with their hands, or heads, or capital. They are all producers, and they all purchase one another's products. Every description of buying and selling is only a way of exchanging the product of one kind of labor for the product of some other kind. The doctrine, if it means any thing, then, amounts to this : that, if the different classes of producers produce too many of their several kinds of valuable things, they will be no longer able to purchase, for want of wherewithal to pay ! We should suppose, however, that the owner of one hundred hats, and the owner of a hundred pair of boots, were in as good a condition for driving a bargain, as the owners respectively of one hat and one pair of boots. And though the amount of hats and boots that can be profitably produced, must be always limited by the number of heads and feet, there is a multitude of other valuable and beautiful products, the demand for which is subject to no such limitation.

As we have no reason to suppose that industry will ever be less skilfully applied and less productive than at present, so we have no reason to believe that capital, which is its instrument, will ever

yield a less revenue. In England, notwithstanding the more than tenfold increase of capital, the rate of interest has experienced little if any depreciation since the reign of Queen Anne. In all new countries, money must always bear a high rate of interest, because real estate, the thing which it chiefly represents, experiences, in the progress of settlement and cultivation, a rapid appreciation of value. Interest is the capitalist's share of the profits of business, as wages are the workman's share. Both, as expressed in money, may experience no fluctuation for a series of years; while from the increased efficiency of both agencies, (labor and capital,) all useful products may be greatly cheapened, and the actual rewards of the capitalist and laborer increased in proportion. Such, very nearly, has been the fact for the last fifty years, in the countries where the greatest improvements in the processes of industry have been made. The experience of the past, certainly, no more than the reason of the thing, affords any ground to believe that the indefinite accumulation of capital will be attended necessarily by a diminution of profits or interest. On the contrary, as every variety of productive agency becomes more efficient, when directed by superior knowledge, both experience and reason warrant the conclusion, that capital and industry will be, for an indefinite period, at least, attended by a still improving reward.

And if the world should ever become so densely peopled, that the produce of its soil could feed no additional number of laborers, even this remote event, perhaps, would not prevent an ever-augmenting capital from being vested in an ever-improving machinery to facilitate production. But if all the possible appliances of mechanical power and chemical combination should be carried to the highest possible perfection, and provided in such abundance as to employ all the workmen whom the produce of the earth is capable of sustaining, so that all occasion for the increase of productive investments would be at an end, still there would be no excuse for men expending their revenues or wages on short-lived fashionable luxuries, while the legitimate wants and ennobling desires which demand for their satisfaction an unlimited amount of useful and permanently valuable, and truly beautiful things, still belong to their nature. The important truth will still hold good, that the luxuries which serve only for the vanity of display, or the gratification of low sensuality, must be procured at the sacrifice of real comforts and conveniences; must ever be an exchange of nobler gratifications for meaner ones. By the unchangeable law of man's nature, profusion in that which is not good for him must ever have for its counterpart poverty and destitution, in that which is true wealth.

It may be trite to remark that, as the fitness and beauty of many things depend entirely upon the circumstances of the person using them, so, as comforts and conveniences are multiplied among men, more luxuries in dress, furniture, and equipage, become symmetrical with the economy of life, and add to its beauty. Parts ornamental in a neat and comfortable edifice, would be only grotesque deformities in a cabin or a shed.

What we have said of the principles which should regulate the consumption of those who *are called* rich, 'well-off in the world,' applies of course, with tenfold stress, to those of narrower incomes. That expenditure which is vexation and partial poverty to the for-

mer class, must be ruin, perpetual destitution of necessary things, dependence, and degradation, to the latter.

Lest any should say that we have left too obscure the distinction between what we have called useful things, and things approved by good taste, on the one hand, and frivolous luxuries, useless finery, and ill-judged attempts at elegance, on the other, we observe: that it is neither practicable nor needful to mark the distinction with the accuracy of scientific definition. It is a matter for the discretion and taste of intelligent, reasonable people. Even the devotees of fashion are sensible enough of wants of a more pressing urgency, and wants of a higher dignity, than the factitious, trifling, and sordid ones on which a strange infatuation drives them to expend all their substance.

Before closing, we owe one word to our sense of the beneficial tendency of a more general diffusion of sound elementary treatises of political economy, in imparting a juster sense of the estimation due to all useful employments, however humble they are accounted now; in showing the true and *only honest way* to wealth; in leading to a better appreciation of the measures of public administration, touching the revenue, industry, and trade of the country. Among the elementary works on the subject, now in circulation, we are disposed to single out, for especial praise, that of President WAYLAND. We have seen, with high satisfaction, the prospectus of the American Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, that political economy is to occupy a respectable place in their contemplated series of publications. May their noble enterprise, in this and all other things, meet the warm and effective approbation due from an intelligent, patriotic people.

JEALOUSY.

'VULNUS ALIT VENIS ET CÆCO CARPITUR IGNI.'

I.

O THOU for ever doom'd to prove
The comrade and the curse of love,
The bravest thou canst force to yield,
And pierce them through their very shield.
Self-pride, of other ills the cure,
More fatal makes thy shaft, and sure.
The task thou settest is to guess
And watch our enemy's success.

II.

And what thy wages? But to know
The triumph of our deadliest foe;
That fatal secret, that, conceal'd,
Destroy'd our peace, and more, reveal'd:
Then, goaded on from bad to worse,
We seek revenge, but find remorse;
Remorse—the serpent for the dove—
The changeling Jealousy for Love!

PARTING ASPIRATIONS.

FROM THE MSS. OF THE LATE MRS. SOPHIA MANNING PHILLIPS.

THE voice of thy mother be with thee ever,
 Pitying and faithful, when shadows arise;
 The smiles of thy father desert thee never,
 Near be the light of thy sister's eyes:
 Breathings and blessings of Home linger o'er thee,
 Till away from its threshold thy footstep hath passed,
 Hopes then unfading in beauty before thee,
 Undimmed and unbroken, enclose thee at last.

Eve to thy chamber descend without sadness,
 Offering thee only a season of rest;
 Morning recall thee from visions of gladness,
 To meet the fresh sunshine, and pray, and be blest.
 And if mid the halls of the young and gay-hearted,
 Thou art listening to music or voices of mirth,
 Be the tears from thy spirit ne'er suddenly started,
 For that which shall meet thee no more upon earth!

HANS SWARTZ:

A MARVELLOUS TALE OF MAMAKATING HOLLOW.

WEST of the Shawangunk mountain, lies a sweet valley, in the days of our story called 'Mamakating Hollow.' It diverges from the valley of the Hudson River, at *Æsopus*, and makes its way, like the bed of some ancient stream, in a southerly direction, until it meets the northern line of New-Jersey. It requires but little fancy to conceive, that the Hudson river once ploughed its course through this wonderful ravine, and mingled its waters with those of Delaware Bay. Indeed, were the barrier which fills the northern mouth of the Mamakating Hollow, even now, removed, it might contend with the Highland channel for the honor of conducting to the ocean the rich billows of our northern *Pactolus*. And magnificent as is the Highland scenery, the traveller would lose but little in exchanging it for the stern cliffs of the Shawangunk, which, like a sturdy brother, walks beside this beautiful valley, from her northern to her southern limit.

The judicious descendants of *DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER* were the first to discover and improve this rich alluvial valley, the natural entrance to which is from *Æsopus*. Their farms, some twenty years ago, before turnpike-roads and a canal* intersected those regions, were stretched across the Hollow from the Shawangunk to the corresponding mountain on the west. They were thus furnished, at either extremity, with woodland and pastures; while the spacious bed between the ridges, varying from two to five miles in width, was a carpeted meadow.

The traveller who sets out in the morning from the beautiful vil-

* The 'Delaware and Hudson.'

lage of Bloomingburgh, to pursue his journey westward, soon finds himself, by an easy ascent, on the summit of the Shawangunk. Before him will generally be spread an ocean of mist, enveloping and concealing from his view the deep valley and lovely village which lie almost beneath his feet. If he reposes here for a short time, until the vapors are attenuated and broken by the rays of the morning sun, he is astonished to see the abyss before him, deepening and opening on his vision. At length, far down in the newly-revealed region, the sharp white spire of a village church is seen, piercing the incumbent cloud; and as the day advances, a village, with its ranges of bright-colored houses and animated streets, is revealed to the admiring eye. So strange is the process of its development, and so much are the houses diminished by the depth of the ravine, that the traveller can scarcely believe he is not beholding the phantoms of fairy land, or still ranging in those wonderful regions which are unlocked to the mind's eye by the wand of the god of dreams.

But as he descends the western declivity of the mountain, the din of real life rises to greet his ear, and he soon penetrates into the midst of the ancient settlements, of which we have before spoken. The Dutch farmers placed their flat houses near the middle of their farms, with little regard to symmetry or taste in their arrangements. Probably at the time many of these houses were erected, no roads piercing farther into the interior had been laid out. At the date of our story, some enterprising Yankees had cut a straight turnpike-road across the valley, much to the annoyance of its old-fashioned inhabitants; and the wandering tracks by which their farm-houses were connected with this profane channel, resembled, in their angularities and versions, the diagrams of geometry.

Well established in the fattest part of this exuberant valley, lived HANS SWARTZ, one of the patriarchs of the village. His ancestors had been patriarchs time out of mind, and the chimney of his paternal mansion contained certain amorphous masses, which tradition designated as the identical bricks brought by his ancestors from Holland. The house of Hans, covering an immense area, with its roof descending on each side nearly to the ground, resembling one of those homely implements in New-England, 'yclept a hen-coop; his barracks, made of four perpendicular timbers, surmounted by a square, thatched roof, in which he persisted to store his grain and hay, notwithstanding the modern invention of barns; the diverging corn-cribs before his door; the pig-pens in their neighborhood; the grindstone, aviary, and out-door oven, scattered around in mockery of symmetry; all bespoke a man of weight and means, according to the estimation of that day.

Hans, however, had become somewhat degenerate. His wife was of mixed blood; and as a punishment for marrying out of caste, she proved to be a terrible thorn in his side. She exercised a pretty decided supremacy in all matters occurring in her personal presence, for Hans was naturally good-tempered and yielding, and the habit of obedience had become a second nature.

The most severe test of his docility, was on the occasion of interruptions, from his better part, of certain patriarchal levées, which Hans had, from time immemorial, been accustomed to hold at the

door of his mansion. It was his delight, as it had been that of his fathers, to collect around him, on a summer's eve, those who, like himself, loved the cup and a pipe better than hard work. At such times, Hans was in his true glory. Seated in a large chair, upon the step of his door, with the above-mentioned instruments of quiet enjoyment in either hand, he discussed at length the hardships of olden times, the decay of fine horses, the woful laxity of Dutch integrity, and the inroads of the bustling Yankees, to the great edification and enjoyment of his subordinate friends, who, stretched on the seats of turf or slates, on either side, quietly enjoyed the patriarch's discourse and hospitality.

The terrible inroads of Hans' wife had, however, more than once disturbed this quiet, vegetating circle of worthies; insomuch that the most urgent entreaties of Hans, backed by the potent arguments of the bowl, could seldom prevail on his faint-hearted friends to retain their places after the clock had tolled nine.

One summer's eve, surrounded by his obsequious neighbors, Hans had descanted with uncommon felicity of utterance on the woful conflicts of their ancestors with the inconveniences of a new settlement, and his enthusiasm, assisted by an extra bowl, had so engrossed all attention, that the usual hour of departure passed unnoticed. The starting eyes and slobbering mouths of all around him, attested the unusual interest aroused by his narration. Mistress SALLY SWARTZ, or 'Aunt Sorchie,' as the neighbors familiarly called her, had long since put the last child to bed, mended the last stocking, and covered the few dying coals of a summer fire, and was yawning impatiently in a window-seat, for the session of social friends at her door to break up, and restore her good man to his quiet bed. But she waited in vain. To such a pitch were the feelings of all excited by the marvellous rehearsals of Hans, that, heedless of the hour, and of the thickening indignation of 'Aunt Sorchie,' they but drew nearer to the speaker, as if chained by fascination. Hans had even risen from his leather-bottomed chair, having deposited his pipe on the ground, in the fervor of his discourse, and was in the midst of a thrilling narrative of Indians and evil spirits, when Aunt Sorchie, tortured beyond endurance by this unseasonable delay, with angry visage, made her appearance on the threshold, directly behind the elevated form of the speaker. At this alarming apparition, every Dutchman started from his seat, as if the ghost of old Wilhelmus Testy himself had grinned in their faces. Ere Hans had time to shut his capacious mouth, much less to turn a look behind him, the strong hands of Sorchie were closely placed on either side his head, somewhat more closely than was exactly comfortable for his ears, which organs, notwithstanding their duress, were made to hear the grating sounds: 'Hans! will ye never stop short your drunken speeches, and come to bed!' The sapient audience waited not for any further salutation. Each mynheer was under way, as soon as the ponderous nature of his moveables permitted, and ere Hans was fairly veered around, and marched over the threshold, not a mortal was left who had not put at least a fence, a barrack, or corn-crib, between himself and the fearful apparition.

The shock was quite too much for the obtuse capacity of poor

Hans; and whether the grog which had given him such an honied utterance had also, Sampson-like, shaken the pillars of his understanding, or whether the sudden compression of Sorchie's hands produced a paralysis of his senses, certain it is, that he knew little of what was passing, until he had been safely lodged in bed, and had snored, for some two or three hours, like the boiler of a steam-boat.

It was near the dread hour of midnight, when horror sometimes steals over the firmest breast, that Hans seemed to be disturbed from his broken slumbers by a slight rattling at the door of the apartment. The door slowly opened, and by the dim, flitting light of the embers on the hearth, he seemed clearly to distinguish the outline of a human being on the threshold. It entered, and was followed by another and another, each more horrid than his fellow. It was in vain that Hans attempted to scream, or to spring from his recumbent posture. Terror, like a night-mare, bound him down, with its indescribable yet agonizing helplessness. The ruffians cautiously approached the bed side. A dagger gleamed in the right hand of the foremost, and the dark outline of a pistol was seen in his left hand. In this moment of dreadful suspense, what would Hans have given to hear even the grating voice of Sorchie! But she was slumbering with hearty breathings by his side, unconscious of the approaching danger. Etna's self was a light burden on Enceladus, compared with the weight at that moment on the breast of Hans. At length, the haggard assassin, motioning his fellows to halt, approached the bed-side, bent slowly over the trembling victim of his wrath, and in a low, distinct tone, said: '*Wretch, I come for thee! Rise, and follow me!*' As if warned by the last trump, Hans sprung, stark naked, upon the floor. The figure pointed to his under garments, and these were almost as soon in their proper places. There were no suspenders in those days, and the dimensions of this article at that period made its ready adjustment much less difficult than the lacing, and buttoning, and strapping, of degenerate modern pantaloons. The figure then led the way to the door. Hans followed like an automaton, and the two attendants brought up the rear. The night was one of those in which the spirits of a darker world appear to be revelling in the upper regions; burying the moon's face at intervals in dark clouds, and forcing the fleet winds in cross currents through the mountains and valleys.

It were tedious to describe the dark ravines and pathless summits traversed in the remainder of the night, by that triad and their obsequious prisoner. Not a word escaped them, as they proceeded on their solemn and silent march. Rivers were crossed on decayed trunks of trees, precipices were passed, and chasms leaped, of such desperate width as to astonish Hans at the sudden agility of his cumbrous limbs. All the horrors of darkness enveloped the forest. Beasts of prey, startled from their lairs by this unearthly procession, howled along its flank, in fearful anger. A cold clammy sweat ran down the weary limbs of the wretched Dutchman. He toiled, and puffed, and struggled, to keep up the rapid gait, and each effort of his exhausted frame seemed to be the last which it was possible to make.

At length, streaks of light shot up in the eastern sky, and a ray of hope penetrated the breast of poor Hans, that he might once more

see the blessed sun with living eyes. But this hope endured but for a moment. Turning suddenly from their course, the black mouth of an infernal cavern yawned fearfully upon them; a sulphurous blast issued from its jaws; and, immensely far within, flickering flames made visible hideous recesses and hanging precipices! Hans shrunk back in terror. 'Enter!' said his guide, in a voice of thunder. It was done, and the falling crash of a large rock, balanced above, shut out the miserable mortal from the light and the world for ever. Fatigue and terror had done their worst; exhausted nature could no longer endure. Hans sunk upon the ground, near the entrance, helpless and immovable. Still his eyes were open, and the dark glimmerings of the vaulted caverns around him added a tenfold horror to his situation. The demons of the place seemed peeping out upon him from their dark recesses; they began to approach on every side; he saw their glaring eyes, he heard their flapping wings, he felt their hot breath upon his cheek, and their talons in his living flesh! He uttered a piercing shriek. It awakened—not the awful echoes of the cave, but the shrill voice of 'aunt Sorchie!' The fiery eyes were hers; the talons were her lank fingers in his hair. 'Wake up from your drunken night-mare! You've frightened all the dogs by your screaming!' Hans found himself in bed. Like Bunyan's pilgrim, 'he awoke, and behold it was a dream!'

I HAVE NO WIFE.

BY AN OLD AND INCORRIGIBLE MEMBER OF THE BACHELOR'S CLUB.

I.

I have no wife!—young girls are fair,
But how it is I cannot tell,
No sooner are they wed, than their
Enchantments bid them all farewell.
The girls, God bless them! make us yearn
To risk all odds, and take a wife,
To cling to one, and not to turn
Ten thousand in the dance of life.

II.

I have no wife!—who'd have his nose
For ever tied to one lone flower,
E'en though that flower should be a rose,
Pluck'd with light hand from fairy bower?
Oh, better far the bright bouquet
Of flowers of every clime and hue,
By turns to charm the mind away,
And fragrance in the heart renew.

III.

I have no wife!—I now can change
From grave to gay, from light to sad,
And in my freedom wide can range,
Fret for a while, and then be glad.
I now can heed a siren's tongue,
And know that eyes glance not in vain;
Make love apace, and, being 'flung,'
Get up and try my luck again!

IV.

I have no wife!—and I can dream
Of girls who're *worth* their weight in gold,
Can bask my heart in Love's broad beam,
And dance to think it yet unsold:
Or I can gaze upon a brow
Which mind and beauty both enhance;
Go to the shrine and make my bow,
And thank the Fates I have a chance!

V.

I have no wife!—and, like a wave,
Can float away to any land,
Curl up and kiss, or gently lave,
The sweetest flowers that are at hand.
A pilgrim, I can bend before
The shrine which heart and mind approve,
Or, Persian like, I can adore
Each star that gems the heav'n of love.

VI.

I have no wife!—in heav'n, they say,
Such things as weddings are not known;
Unyoked the blissful spirits stray
O'er fields where care no shade has thrown.
Then why not have a heaven below,
And let fair Hymen hence be sent?
It would be fine; but as things go,
Unwedded folks won't be content!

SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

AGE SIXTH.

— 'The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in its sound.'

It may or may not be a melancholy task to follow the history of man into the declining years. To be old, is generally to be respectable. Gray hairs and feeble limbs teach us our mortality more impressively and certainly, than the passing hearse and funeral bell. That coffin may enclose the young, the middle-aged, or the old; but the changing form, the failing sight, and tottering step, tell us that there must be a final point to human life — a wasting and wearing out of the corporeal frame — which, though we escape disease and accident, will come upon us at last, be we never so strong, and rich, and good, and happy, now. And gray hairs are respectable for this lesson they teach; and in assemblies of men, they repress undue levity; in churches, they preach to us along with the minister; and in all places, they soften our feelings toward one another, because of a sentiment of a common fate that nothing can avert save early death. As we look upon an old man, our pride of life is chastened; and we regard with a proper mistrust the glitter and show so apt to turn our thoughts from any regard to the future. What lessons are there in that household, where is smiling infancy and infirm old age!

Age always has its peculiarities. Its character is fixed, its tastes decided. The world is changing, a step forward or back, and the old man with the cue, the white-topped boots, cocked hat, and powdered hair, looks strange because every body else is fickle and unstable. It is this very fixedness and decision that makes us so willing to rely upon the counsels and opinions of the old. The respect due to age, so often enjoined upon us in Scripture, is not unsafe, and without good reason. By respecting the advice of an old man, we not only gratify the individual, by making him feel that he is not living in vain, but we insure to ourselves a great chance of success in the matter in hand; for age advises from experience, and not from untested theory. Its counsels do not come to us with any taint of self. Its ambitions are over, its battles ended, and its wisdom mellowed and freed from the harsh pride of party opinion. 'Old men resemble old books, that contain excellent matter, though badly bound, dusty, and worm-eaten. Do not neglect the society of old men.'

To an intelligent and kind-hearted old man, all the young are his children. He feels almost a father's joy in the success of any one. In the love of life, so strong in all, he may sometimes wish himself young again; but, then, more for the sake of improving by his experience,

* Garganelli's Letters.

than from any desire for the emulation and contest over again. He has noenvy, no jealousy, to blind his eyes to merit; his course is nearly finished, and now he looks back upon the succeeding generation with an honest sympathy in their fate. In them he lives over again his own life; and as youthful ardor leaps a gulf, or surmounts a dangerous obstacle, in no heart is there excited a readier or more generous interest than in that which quickens in the bosom of that old man with the cane. With the zest of some veteran actor on the scenic stage, he observes the new candidates for public favor in his old parts. To-day, some Romeo, breathing sighs, attracts his notice, and almost a youthful smile lights his features; some cruel Richard or some weak Macbeth calls to mind his own temptations, passions, sins; and the interest deepens, but the smile is gone. If any of our readers have seen Kilner watch the progress of a love scene on the stage, himself acting father or uncle, they will not mistake our meaning.

What though the sage counsels of age lack the pomposity of wisdom? What though the 'big manly voice' of command, of contention and pride, are become the 'childish treble'? What though the tenement of the mind begins to look shattered, the soundness of the limbs to shrink, the eye-sight to grow dim? All these are atoned for, by kindness of heart, disinterestedness of motive, and paternal regard. The good old man feels that the 'play' is nearly over to him. He has enacted his 'part' well, and is now waiting for the curtain to fall, when he shall hear the plaudit of, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' Time, which invests every thing with reverence, and hallows the past with the sacredness of immutability, has covered over the events of his life with the moss of remembrance, which softens the rugged, and makes green the passage of an otherwise too bleak old age. The early struggles of his youth, the masculine energies of his manhood, come to mind, not associated in the one with its poverty, want, mortifications, and disappointments, nor in the other with its mad ambitions, its enmities, strife, and discord; but altogether, assuming the character of a divine dispensation to the soul, ordered, in the providence of God, to fit it for a higher existence. This is the way with the good old man; and if the reader wishes to follow our train of reading and devotion, as we dwell upon the page of this true history, he must sing, as we do, the following hymn, to the tune called 'Missionary Chant,' found in many collections of sacred music:

'As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still;
So when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The hope of heaven his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for sorrows past;
Nor any future conflict fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.
O Lord! in thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode;
*Assured thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labors of the road.'*

But how shall we describe the old age of the bad old man? Is there such a being as a gray-haired sinner? We do not wish to believe it. Few men pass through this world of trial and temptation unscathed; and is it unfair to conclude that all profit by experience, and that when the violence of the passions subsides, many a man who has been too ambitious, too grasping, more a lover of pleasure than a lover of God, in his old age comes, by reflection, to a knowledge and love of goodness, and repents, and feels a hearty contrition for his errors? Is this too soothing a view for man in a vale of tears? It is not our intention to offend any creed or scheme of theology, but it may be, that the highest appreciation of a pure and religious life is felt by him who has suffered the pains of sin; as the celebrated John Newton, afterward a pattern for the world, according to accounts, notoriously lived a youth and manhood of profligacy and crime. The sailor, by shipwreck, learns the shallows and rocks. Men do not learn virtue any better than they learn other things, except by experience. We are not the apologists of vice, but it is true, that a large part of the error and wickedness in the world, results from a perversion of the understanding, and early inculcated habits of evil; and that many sins, which at all times deserve disapprobation, are more objects of pity than malediction. We forget, unless we are sitting in judgment upon our own faults, that we are made weak, that through our weakness we may become strong.

It is a great pity that moralists find it necessary to address the world in such exaggerated language. Our first moral teachers, our nurses, frighten us into quiet, by stories of bears and old black men coming to catch us; the school-master then incites his pupils to diligence, by threats of whippings he would not dare to give a dog he valued; and so upward, ministers preach of misery they cannot believe possible, and almost all appeals to the world, upon any subject not demonstrable by physical experiment, are rendered exaggerated, swollen, and unnatural, by pictures of awful alternatives. Human character is debased by this course, and motives of action degraded.

Pride conceals real goodness almost as often as it conceals vice. With the old this is especially true. Old men are averse to making professions of goodness. They have got to know, by this time, the hollowness of such stuff. As their interest in the bustle of the world ceases, as they learn how little true happiness rests upon what men say or think of them, they rely more upon God in private, than upon forms and observances. They settle these matters in the secret places of the heart, and, without doubt, have their seasons of prayer for divine aid, and of contrition for their past offences. They are not entirely dependent upon the opinions of inexperienced young theologians and preachers, who are often swayed more by private ambition, and sectarian pride, than any deep regard for the souls of their hearers. They have learnt that religion is an affair of the heart, and that our public services are a means and not an end. They have not passed through the age of wisdom for nothing.

Men of violent passions and evil habits are not often suffered to disgrace this respectable age, by ever arriving at it. Such persons

(and they have a lesson which they were born to teach,) die in manhood ; and if, as was once said by an eloquent divine, ' their youth has been spent in hovels of ignorance and vice, if they have never known instruction and counsel, I pity them, and I believe God pities them.'

Shakspeare, in his history, utters no ridicule upon old age. He describes it, in the phraseology of his time, as he saw it. Never having lived it, he does not pretend to enter into its heart ; and thus he shows the modesty of wisdom. We have before said he was a 'justice.'

This season of life may be properly termed the age of retrospection. As a father about to die calls his family and kindred around him, to bid them adieu for a season, so old age, about to part with this world for ever, has more reason to take a parting look at scenes, and events, and places, it can never know again. Much of the time of an old man is spent in thinking upon the past, and thus he prepares for the future. The whole life of any man, if reviewed calmly, will teach him the goodness of God ; and all, even the poorest and most tasked pilgrim, may in sincerity say, ' Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.' With what a placid face does the old man talk of death ! How willing he seems to die ! With what an oily satisfaction does he dwell upon the events of his own life, and how much more ancient do the facts he relates seem, than the deeds of a Cæsar ! This is because he feels that they are old ; and one feels impressed, as he talks, that he does indeed belong to a generation now slumbering in the grave. He evidently has this idea himself. The old soldier loves to 'shoulder his crutch, and show how fields were won.' The merchant delights to recount his speculations, his risks, his up-early and late-to-bed toils. The sailor tells of storms and 'hair breadth 'scapes' in battle, pestilence, and tempest. Each has his story, and though told a thousand times, we hope each will always find patient and interested listeners to give ear.

There are a set of men in the world, who, though they show the 'lean and slippered pantaloon,' seem to escape our description of the sixth age. With them it is one chain of action, energy, and wisdom, from the 'soldier' to the grave. We mean literary old age. And here facts are indisputable. 'Dryden wrote better in age than in middle life. Cato learnt Greek at eighty. Michael Angelo in his old age declared himself still a student. Ludovico Monaldesco, at the age of 115, wrote the memoirs of his own time. Franklin's philosophical pursuits *began* when he had reached nearly his fiftieth year.* Nearer our own time, we might mention hundreds of cases. Let it suffice to notice the instance of Goëthe, who has left such rich counsels to the student. He is said to have been 'hale and hearty to the last, and fresh and cheerful as a boy.' The demon *Care*, which undermines the old age of many, had by him been vanquished betimes ; he moved in a region elevated above the petty fears and anxieties of common men, and the sunlight of an habitual serenity shed the smile of a second youth over his old age. His latter years were, as Echer-mann so beautifully says of his poems, 'pure reality, in the light of a mild glorification.'

* Curiosities of Literature.

And there have been many merchants who have continued in active life to the last. With them, trade was not a mere means of accumulating money, but a science, in which they were ever learning, and which was pursued with an ardor, fairness, and generosity, worthy of the highest literary pursuits. They have endowed hospitals, institutions for the blind, and athenæums, and assisted in all public schemes with the fruits of their scientific calculations in business. Boston will not soon forget her Perkins, nor Philadelphia her Gerard. The eulogy of Bowdich has lately been pronounced, who died in the midst of the most useful scientific labors.

The care which the aged bestow upon their money, 'the pouch on side,' though often running into a sordid avarice, is reasonable, and the opposite would be foolish. The old man feels he has no longer the power of getting. He may live to a great age, and so he takes unusual care lest fire, accident, or dishonesty, strip him bare of means of support. Were he in middle life, and did he lose, he might get again. Beside, he is anxious to leave some proof of his industry to the world. If a merchant, his posthumous reputation is no less dear to him than the 'works' of the author and artist to them. He carries his 'pouch on side,' that is, he exercises a constant vigilance over his 'works,' and in so doing, shows his wisdom and prudence. Even if he is over careful and over anxious, we may well pardon a man whose life has been devoted to money affairs, or whose youth and manhood have perhaps been afflicted with want, for an undue respect for that which, after all that can be said against it, is at least a talisman that commands respect and attention, purchases seeming friends, often real ones, from a sense of obligation for benefits generously bestowed; makes a man independent in his tastes, habits, and mode of life; gives him a chance for serenity in the evening of his days; insures for him a decent burial; and a tomb his descendants will not be ashamed to visit. He who entirely undervalues money, is equally a fool with him who values nothing else.

The selfishness of a creature is always in proportion to its helplessness; and it cannot be denied that, from a sense of self-protection, old age is sometimes very selfish, not even giving away to the poor and needy the 'youthful hose.' We shall utter no ridicule, even upon the faults of the old man. He is sacred to us. Not so of old women. And duty compels us to notice an evil of no small consequence. Old women fall from the respectability and dignity belonging to their years, when they sit in tea-excited judgment, and utter solemn flats about the petty affairs of their neighborhood; decide, and actually fix, the reputation and standing of those whose voices they have never heard, and whom they only know at all by hearsay and scandal. Old men never meddle with the business of others; old women rarely do any thing else. We protest against this seriously, and trust that the sincerity and fairness of our readings may lend weight to our objection. We have not before noticed the fair sex, except as implicated in the age of the 'lover.' What is true of man, is, under certain modifications, true of them. They have their ages; their infancy, how sweet!—their loves, how deep and devoted!—their action, how energetic! Here we must stop. They do not shine as wise, and certainly they were never made to wear the full or 'lean

and slipper'd pantaloons;' for if they had been, Shakspeare would have said something about it. Indeed one may gain a pretty correct opinion of what he thought about the sex, from his play, 'Katharine and Petruchio.' He loved them, and has given them sound instruction. He has said glowing things of their beauty and tenderness, their devotedness in love, their patience in affliction, their fortitude in suffering. He sometimes puts them in pantaloons, for a disguise, which he thought they never would or ought to wear, as a common dress; and as he wrote for posterity, if they should wear them, those plays never could be acted.

Longer would we linger in our contemplations of the sixth age, its kindness, dignity and reverence, but we must close with a benediction. And may its latter days be cheered by recollections, if not of great and conspicuous, yet of good and useful acts. May the good old man have many children about him; and may all his descendants vie in sharing his notice and regard. More than all, may he ever remember that 'the hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.'

THE SPIRIT'S RETURN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISSON.

I.

If, in the evening's latest red,
A figure with a laughing eye,
In the oak wood, on mossy bed,
With nod and beckon past thee fly —
That is the spirit of thy friend,
Which joy and peace to thee will send.

II.

If in the moon's soft wav'ring shrine,
Love does thy dreamings beautify,
Through cythus and mournful pine,
Wild melodies in murmurs fly,
And through thy breast forebodings pour —
That is my spirit hovering o'er.

III.

Feel'st thou, when blessed thoughts are stealing
Into the past time's fairy land,
A soft and spiritual feeling,
Like zephyr-kiss, on lip and hand,
And waves the taper's light about —
That is my spirit, do not doubt!

IV.

Hear'st thou beneath the silvery star,
Within thy silent chamber quiver,
Like to Æolian harps afar,
The words of friendship, 'Thine for ever!' —
Then slumber on; my spirit's nigh —
It bids thee from thy sorrows fly!

RANDOM PASSAGES

FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE MRS. SOPHIE MANNING PHILLIPS.

NUMBER ONE.

'DEATH,' says a modern German author, 'steps on with iron foot, treading down all that comes in his way, heedless whether it be the young seedling, the swelling blossom, the lordly tree, or the withering plant, that he crushes.' True though it be, that HE in whose hands are the issues of life doeth all things well, yet when the young, the lovely, and the gifted, are removed from earth, severing the strongest chords of affection, and bringing sorrow to the hearts of a wide circle of admiring friends, and bitter and abiding grief to the bosoms of near and dear relatives, it is hard, to kiss the rod; *it is hard*, to derive consolation, even from the thought that the departed may have been taken from the evil to come, and translated to the presence of 'our Father in heaven.' Still, alas! the lost will come no more! The voice can never breathe in melody again; the light of the eloquent eye is dimmed; and the faithful heart has for ever ceased its beatings! Such are the thoughts, seared as with a hot iron upon the heart of the mourning survivor, which make him feel the impotency of consolation. It remains, therefore, but to cherish the remembrance of the dead, as a fond dream of the shadowy past.

In the number of this Magazine for June, 1837, we announced the death of Mrs. SOPHIE MANNING PHILLIPS, wife of Captain JOSEPH AUGUSTUS PHILLIPS, of the United States' Army, and daughter of the late Dr. THOMAS M. BARROWS, of Providence, Rhode-Island. In the demise of this young and accomplished lady, it was observed, society had been deprived of a bright ornament, and our poetical literature of one of its most gifted votaries. Her early productions won for her deserved applause, especially many which appeared in one of our most reputable daily journals;* and the subsequent efforts of an intellect more matured, amply fulfilled the promise of its spring. Upon a number of these latter, our readers have already passed favorable judgment. Through the kindness of the gifted writer's nearest earthly friend, we have been favored with several original poems, inferior to none of her most admired effusions, which have never been published, together with a copious private journal, kept previous to her marriage, in Providence, (R. I.,) and afterward, at West Point, Philadelphia, and Louisville. This latter will exhibit the lamented lady in the successive characters of a loving, confiding girl, a wife, and a mother. Whether giving vent to emotions too deep for tears, or commenting upon society or individuals, there is ever the same delicate and refined taste. In those portions which are animated by a light, vivacious spirit, there are playful wit, and keen but good-natured sarcasm. The writer was a child of feeling, of deep, warm, poetic feeling, and an acute observer of human na-

* The 'New-York American.'

ture, in all its varieties. 'I am fond,' she says, in one of her letters, 'of speculation in human clay.' On one page of her journal, it may be, the very sentences seem to sob with pathos; while a little farther onward, a thorough exhibition of the ridiculous — 'pictures in little,' perchance, of battered beaux and decayed coquettes, driving a trade they had long been unfit for, and swarming upon the gayety of the age, or the monkey divertissements of smart young gentlemen without brains — will surprise the reader with the vividness of the writer's impressions, the versatility of her talents, and the raciness of her style.

We commence our extracts from the journal kept in Providence, Rhode-Island, in 1831-2. It is, in a good degree, a record of young affections, nurtured and cherished in doubt, at times, but afterward garnered where they would be, and brought to full fruition; a record which every woman who has loved will understand, and take home to her heart; a record, in short, of

' Hopes, and fears which kindle hopes,
An undistinguishable throng,
Of gentle wishes, long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long.'

'THURSDAY EVENING, April 28, 1831. — Just the night for Manfred! Hark to the wind! How it howls abroad, and the flooding rain beats against the casement! No slight consolation is it, when shadows either threaten, or are actually upon me, to seek the privacy of this my most beloved apartment, sure of its faith to all I may act or utter; safe, in its charmed portal, from all unwelcome interruption. And should I some day bid thy walls farewell, *mon Boudoir*, I will remember that here, since childhood, I have slumbered and waked, in peace and health — that here I have been happy. Home, blessed, blessed home! far be the hour that shall witness the parting of Memory with thy thousand gentle ties, thy pure and steadfast affections! Oh, earth! if thou hast any love like that which is shed upon us in our earliest home, my soul would fain acknowledge it!' * * * 'Mean to publish six volumes of lamp-light reflections, for the salvation of the age, as well as the immortality of my own dear name! Morpheus, I'm with thee straight, and shutting my innocent lids upon the cold and cruel realities of the world, will wander, by thy soft guidance, to higher, purer climes, where stars that twinkle not, and sympathies never denied, and smiles for ever sure, have birth; where the sun's last golden glow is an unfailing promise of a warm and cloudless morrow, and rain, sleet, and smoke, are undreamed and unheard of.

'THURSDAY NIGHT, half-past eleven, May 30. — It is long since I have soiled a page of my little book, and when it was last open before me, could I foresee the call that would be made upon my sympathy with the best and noblest feelings of a human heart — a heart that, through time, and change, and chance, could remember an aged parent's love, and, ungoverned by the cold pride of manhood, lament that its holy influence, unaltered though unavailing, should be re-

newed no more for ever ! Man goes forth, with his restless spirit, into the busy world. Riches are there, and hope, and fame ; ambition with its haughty sway, and knowledge that lendeth power ; but seldom the gentle memory of a far, quiet home. And if among the faces that there smiled indeed upon his childhood, but have since, through stirring days and months, been distant and unseen, he knows that *one* shall never meet him more, not always is the pure fountain loosed within his soul ; not always does he bow in grief and love, and take to his inmost thought the years that were !

‘My friend is true, and amiable, and kind ; and while he is gone sorrowfully to the grave of the father that prayed for, and was mindful of him, and turns not away, as impatient of a widowed mother’s tears, shall I not remember him to-night, and the hours we have counted together, and respect the sadness of that home so often named to me as the centre of sacred feeling, the haven of hallowed affections ? Oh, cloudless host of stars ! smiling from your high thrones, as though your dominion were only over the peaceful and happy below,

‘If in your bright leaves we could read the fate
Of men and empires,’

how many eyes and hearts now closed in tranquil sleep, or measuring out to their earthly treasures an unweighed portion of the soul’s idolatry, should veil themselves before the morrow’s light, and break beneath the blow of near distress ! How many a parted lip should lack its smile ! — how many an upright brow laid to the very dust ! I hold it a theme of thankfulness and praise, that our lot is unrevealed. So shall we mingle gladly with the young and beautiful ones of earth, ‘and dream bright dreams for the fast coming years,’ and trust the low beguiling voice that is dearest, and answer the eyes that are oftenest upon us,

‘And so grow kind of heart, as if the sight
Of human beings were humanity.’

* * ‘Beckoned whole hosts of flying thoughts to the third volume of Lady Montagu’s letters. She says, in all her journeyings over this varying world, she has met with but two sorts of persons, ‘*men and women* !’ Pondered awhile upon this odd conclusion, shut the book, and spent half an hour contrasting my ‘day and generation’ with that in which the Lady Mary flourished.

‘SUNDAY NIGHT, JUNE 3. — At home all day. Bore, with all becoming submission, a chiding on this head, from my father, who, though nothing orthodox himself, insists upon the strict attendance at church of his interesting family, at St. —, where we are weekly declared the limbs of sin, and heirs of great wickedness. Looked this morning at the people going to church — concluded not to have pointed capes to my muslin ! — and devoutly wished myself of the number of those into whose Sabbath meditations there intrudeth not a shadow of such idle vanity. Streets presently still and empty. The last vibration of the bell at length died faintly away. Felt appallingly ‘bluish.’ Sent a foreboding eye through the long, long hours before me. Wished, oh how covetously ! for a voice to answer when

I spoke, or a face of kindness whereon I might look, and be still. But it could not be. In the midst of a flourishing and goodly-peopled city, I felt myself extremely Selkirk. Watched a horse, tied by the church wall, turning round his great head at the flies, till my eyes ached, and I felt, in its full meaning,

'This is to be alone! this, this is solitude!'

'ANOTHER from that home of peace and love called forth to God! Another gentle heart, with all its early truth, and hope, and joy, gone sinlessly to its eternal crown in heaven! Oh, who shall come with words of calmness to a mother's bosom, in her first dark hour of trial, or dry the eyes that have looked their last upon the living treasure of a glorious and happy child! Not then is it willed of the Almighty — while the young voice that was our morning music, and the pure brow that was our pride, seem yet sounding gladly abroad, and meeting us as of old at every turn — to record the struggling submission of his chastened creatures. But when, after many days, there answereth no sweet cadence to the dear familiar name, and the parted footsteps return no more, and they that mourn shall hear some tale of the world's unquiet strife — of treachery, where friendship had trusted, of shame, where manhood had striven, of unthankfulness, where all had been lavished — then will it be a holy and a blessed thing to say:

'God took *thee* in his mercy,
A lamb untasked, untried.'

'YE vanished hours!
I can but weep to count ye o'er,
For ye were like to spring-time flowers,
And I shall meet ye never more
Amid earth's bowers!

Past hope and light!
Why have ye left this clinging heart?
Unshaded till your wings so bright
Swept o'er it to depart.

My first sweet dream!
It is not *morning* breaks thy spell,
Nor eve that shall restore the gleam
My trusting spirit lov'd so well;
Lost is thy beam!

Lips that have kindly spoken,
No more beside me shall ye be,
Your utterings are hushed and broken —
The thought I cannot flee!

Sunday Evening, Sept. 18th, 1831.

SOPHIE.

'OH GOD! It is indeed a desolate thing to cast our love abroad, and find it nought! Night after night, to steal away from mirth, and joy, and gay and thoughtless faces, to this silent chamber, and gaze upon the cold stars, and swiftly loose the pent-up fountains of an anguished soul and weep! — ay, fast and bitter tears, such as should seldom stain the cheek of youth and womanhood. Oh, there

are doubts which rack a human heart beyond control; thoughts that to name, were possibly unjust — to cherish, madness. It is a blessed thing to be beloved of any human heart — a pure and blessed thing. In all this false and passing world, oh, give me love! My soul can well repay, my being prize, the heaven-born gift. * * *

'This is a happy home of mine, a peaceful and a happy home! I treasure its hallowed kindness within my soul. I feel, even now, that my sweetest and brightest days are upon me, and believe there can be no words so bitter, *bitter* to pronounce, as

'All beloved ones, fare ye well!'

Yet, forgetting the voices that still through childhood and youth have been ever near and kind, I sorrow for that which but yesterday was an unfamiliar sound. From the faces of kindred and friends, I would have turned alone to one, whereon was written at last but the passing sign of human affection. Oh, constant, and warm, and pure, should be the love to which a woman trusts! A few soft words, the exclusive offering to *us*, among many, of the heart's fleet homage; best and above all, the silent language of the honest eyes — for this cannot be feigned — that these should beguile us from our land and home! They tell me it is idle to think of the past — the fair and happy past! Yet there is some dearer season in the life of all, when, though but for an hour or a day, Hope smiling wears her flowery crown, and happiness, undimmed as heaven, seems with us and about us. Eagerly, perchance, we then unlock the bosom's shrine, to offerings and incense all beauty and fragrance, worshipping as we behold, and triumphing as we measure them; and when these our first felicities of mortal birth have met their mortal end; when we feel that though other joys may beguile, they cannot be like the joy that is gone; why should we not turn alone to Memory, which knoweth neither death nor deception? I have listened to a voice that seemed fondest and most blessed on earth, and have repaid its professions with the deepest and holiest affection of my nature. I have watched among many, for that one dear smile, which to woman soon becomes so precious! I have — But it is all past and over! The day *must* come, when he will look his last upon the being he has wooed and loved; when all that has passed between us, will be as though it ne'er was done or spoken. It would be wisdom, perhaps, *now* to strive with the weakness that governs and misleads me. Now, ere the dark hour comes, would it be wise to forget how, night and day, I have clung to an earthly image, forgetting in its presence that sorrow or shadow could ever more arise, and in its absence remembering only that it should again appear before my craving eyes. But it is too late! Once have I yielded up my life's devotion; once have I dreamed the happy dreams of pure and steadfast love; and never again will the spirit thrill to spells that are woven but to be severed. I have known through *him* some bitter hours, but all at last will end; and what matters it, in the grave, whether they who sleep beneath were 'blessed in their lives?' I *cannot* forget, but my memory shall be no sadness to others. The friends who wish me well, and happy, shall see me both cheerful and gay. Yes, it is easy to laugh, and

costs but a light word to set afloat the merry jest. None, I think, will follow me here to this silent chamber.

'Oh, vain is the thought to an aching heart,
That its burthen is passing away;
That fear and sorrow alike shall cease,
And the weariest bosom be called to peace,
At the end of our mortal day.

Yes! vain is the thought! and we mourn to behold
Our vanishing dreams go by;
And sigh, and cling to a breaking spell,
As though the sad spirit for ever should dwell
Where the shadows of earth come nigh!

And tell me not, while the lingering gleam
Of a lost delight shines on,
That e'er midst the crowd or festal throng,
Though sparkle the light and thrill the song,
That gleam from the soul is gone.

Ah, no! not there do we learn to forget
The cloud that is over us cast;
But 'biding the time' of Pleasure's reign,
Go gladly back to our visions again,
When the idle pageant is past.

Dost thou know, beloved! in these silent hours,
How my soul is clinging to thee?
How I strive in vain with my falling tears,
And shrink, and turn from the desolate years,
When we shall parted be!

Oh! waft me hither some word of calm,
For my throbbing heart is chilled!
A single tone from the voice I knew,
When Hope and Affection alike seemed true,
And this trembling shall be stilled!

Thy feet are treading the halls of mirth,
Thy voice is with the gay;
The free and the happy are near thee now,
The smiling lip and the careless brow —
May'st thou be blessed as they!

Yet kindly, love, thou wilt turn aside,
Though the joy of the hour be deep;
Though light to its music thy pulses move,
Thou wilt think of the heart thou hast taught to love,
And the eyes thou hast taught to weep!

SOPHIE.

'MON BOUDOIR, THURSDAY NIGHT, Feb. 2. — Oh, man, man! how lightly does your spirit fling aside its momentary sufferings; how readily forget the trial that seemed indeed, for an hour or a day, to be one whose effects were long and freshly to endure within the chastened soul! Your proudest path is suddenly shaded and changed, yet onward presses the unmindful step; your fairest hope is baffled and lost, yet upward soars the unshrinking mind. Fate that has smiled but to betray, and affections that have bloomed but to fade, are to you but the fleeting clouds of a summer sky. They are *there*, and perhaps through tears is the stern eye of manhood first lifted to meet them. They pass away, and 'new beams of beauty' attract and

console him. Does he dearly remember, in other years and climes, the early voice of unavailing tenderness? I know that sometimes the strong and struggling heart is utterly touched; that when all which has been welcome and cherished seems ended, and happy hours of peace and beauty no more are lingering over him, that he may have prized them; I know the pure fountains of human feeling are sometimes then unloosed, and flow purely, and unforbidden, for the swiftly passing magic of a present joy. * * *

'I scarcely know if I would change natures with those to whom the Power which orders all hath lent *forgetfulness*. It is but a softened grief with which I now think of what has chanced to mar my happiness; and rather would I be satisfied with the share of life's music and brightness I have already heard and seen, (if *he* too were faithful to the blessed days gone by,) than ever look again for 'flowers that droop in springing.'

'Who that midst a desert's heat,
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?'

* * * 'It is my faith that woman loves but once; once, fondly, fully, spontaneously. If that love be vain, and she thereafter is won to share the life and chances of another, not then again is opened the first fresh fountains of her willing trust and tenderness. She but *yields to an offered affection* — but smiles because her smiles are anticipated and entreated.'

THE following passage was doubtless elicited by some female banterer, acting out the character drawn by Lamb, as 'Sincerity, a forward-talking, half brother of Truth, who is ready to perk up his obnoxious sentiments unasked into your notice, as Midas would do his ears into your face, uncalled for:'

'SATURDAY NIGHT, Feb. 4. — Been trying to discover whether I was most angry or wounded, at what passed this evening. Can't tell. Certain of one thing, that I am seldom open to these delicate banterings, and pretend not to account for the unexpected and ungovernable tumult raised within me on this occasion. However my *inward feelings* may weary and rebel, I can generally stand the attack with at least a laughing answer, and an unfaltering eye. I have learned to utter lightly the name that is dearest, and oppose but the shield of assumed indifference to the world's stale jests, and duller fancies. Blushes are but common, and retreat inglorious, yet both to-night do stain my fair escutcheon. Ay, I both blushed and fled! Yet if the truth were kenned, it was more for the tormentor than the tortured. Just to see how utterly devoid of tact and delicacy a woman can be! If I could count among my blackest failings, *one* as palpable and detestable as that revealed an hour ago, in the incredible loquacity of Mlle —, I would make an immediate offering to Lethe of the ties that bind me to society. 'Offence was not intended!' But there is a point at which the voice of human feeling *will* make itself heard above insult, however accidental, or apology however sincere.

* * 'I know of a voice would be welcome and willing to speak

peace to my troubled heart. Well-a-day! it is not here, nor have I heard it through the hours of this solitary day. Oh! why, when even a tone, a smile, is dear to us, why are these gentle and sinless pleasures withdrawn? There is none to answer, and I will trust to my dreams, for the renewal of some lost and lovely things.

'SEPTEMBER 20. — Hail! glittering stars of heaven! Count me the hour wherein I have not loved ye, and greeted ye in your infinite home? Calm and equal are your smiles, upon this world of time and change, and weal and weariness; and what unto you is the lifting hence of a desiring, humble eye? Or if that eye were quenched and closed, which burning light among yon lustrous crowd should therefore know dimness or diminution? Is it not blessed *always* to behold ye? — *thrice* blessed, when lips which have smiled and been answered in kindness, or the voice which was welcome and watched-for, above all, are no longer beside us? When the past alone comes on our memory, in pleasantness, and hope, and beauty, and we ask of the brightness of the future, 'Where is it? *then*, with no eye save that which saw that ye were perfect, upon us, should we not read a consolation in your quiet glory? — a promise in your pure and endless reign?

'Oh, it is bitter to behold our first, *first* dream depart! It is bitter to shut the heart against such feelings as have been cherished fondly and irreproachably within us. Yet when did the midnight prayer, the morning hope, the hourly incense of the soul, avail, that we should dare to breathe them on an earthly shrine? What brow that was our earliest pride, or music that fell soft amid our deepest care, hath not been hidden and hushed untimely? What hand that hath clasped our own, or affection whereunto we would have turned, and trusted ever, becomes not powerless, fruitless, in our time of need? Why then do we shrink and weep, when the trial is upon us? Why do we sit us down in sorrow and silence, to see the present with its countless spells go by? Ay, and why, with the fast flowing tears yet undried upon our cheek, and the weight still unlightened at our heart, do we turn ere long to the ruin of our fallen images, and search, though we deny it to ourselves, search dimly but trustingly, for the spark that beguiled and mocked us?

'Oh, thoughts of death! ye are all too cold for Beauty in her conquering hour, and Childhood's dawning blessedness, and Youth with its unmeasured hope! It were dark indeed to remember, while *ye* glitter, and blossom, and ripen in our very presence, that the *end of all is dust*. Wherefore, peace to the soft-binding links of earth! Unchecked be the glad fountains of human tenderness, unclosed the lip and eye of human mirth. Though we should go no more abroad, 're-joining in the joy of beautiful and well-created things;' though the spring time and summer may have lost for us their fair and free delight, and we turn us from glad music and gay sayings, remembering the days that *were*, come we still among them all with a cheerful bearing, and dispute not here the lustre of any earth-born spell. To the spirit whose light hath been shaded by departing wings, there yet returneth an hour of freshness, and triumph, and joy — the silent hour of dreams! Lost faces beside us! — low utterings and blessings

about us and with us ! — as willingly we yield our cheated soul unto the sweet and idle visions of the night. * * * ' Life ! life ! toiling, infirm, unruly, passing, precious life !

' Most rich, being poor,
Most choice, forsaken :'

Behold how the mightiest cherish, the lowliest worship, thee ! Thou art stricken from eyes we adored, from bosoms that warmed to us, and we utter the knell of a bereft and desolate spirit ; we cling to the silent and passionless dust, as though our own dark hour should not utterly and surely come ! As though not for *our* lingering feet, and *our* lonely pilgrimage, were spread the cold valley of shadows !

VARIETY, with more of observation, and new impulses, will add to the interest of the consecutive records of the diary. They will be continued in an early number.

LOVE, DEATH, AND TIME.

' Thou art a stern, remorseless foe !
Said Love to the shadowy angel of Death ;
' How oft in the guileless youthful breast
I build me a lovely and tranquil nest,
And thou, grim Death, with destroying breath,
Outspreadest thy greedy arms, and away
Thou bearest thy unresisting prey !

' Idly thou ravest, poor silly Love !
I do but forestall my brother Time ;
In pity I steal those victims away,
Unscathed by sorrow, untouched by crime,
Ere yet they mourn thy merciless sway,
And on thy slippery margins play,
Or over thy treacherous quicksands stray.'

' Thou wouldst have thy votaries linger here,
To grieve over vain delusive dreams ;
To shed, in silence, the soul-wrung tear,
And in their heart's lone deep recess
To feel life's utter nothingness ;
Thou would'st linger, till relentless Time
Hath threadbare worn each winning grace,
And from thy helpless victim's brow
Hath swept away each youthful trace.
Then chide me not, that oft I break
The heavy, clanking chains of earth,
And spread my wings, and bear away
To heaven my unresisting prey.'

Love knew, alas ! all pleas were vain ;
He dashed aside the falling tear,
But Time flew by on restless wing,
And whispered in the urchin's ear,
' Smooth that fair brow, poor drooping thing !
Cast far away each harrowing fear,
Thou from thy rosy mantle fling
The dust and stains which ever cling
To pilgrims on this grovelling earth ;
Thou art eternal, and shalt spring
Upward, on thy immortal wing,
Claiming thy pure celestial birth,
On the fair shores of God's own river,
Where Time and Death shall reach thee never !

REVELATIONS OF NATURE.

BY 'JUNIUS JR.'

THE seeds of virtue have been sown, by a good providence, in all hearts, and they spring up every where to his glory. It is not wholly the result of learning and cultivation, and it is not only in civilized countries, and refined communities, that the lovely flowers of an exalted morality shed their perfume. In the forest, the Indian practices, and is in a measure acquainted with, its principles. The negro woman who sang her song of condolence to Mungo Park, 'The white man sat himself beneath our tree; he has no wife to grind his corn, nor mother to fetch him milk,' could not be the only one of her tribe with a heart open to the feelings of humanity.

The principles of morality, like the principles of all sciences, exist in nature; and it is by observation and study that we acquire a knowledge of one as of the other. Though the passions constantly oppose the exercise of the virtues, yet our true interest we discover to be on the side of the latter. Under the mists of passion and ignorance, we are liable to err; yet reflection and observation, by making us better acquainted with the principles of morals, enable us to avoid those errors, as a better knowledge ensues. It is by thus observing the actions of men, and the consequences of them, that, in every age of the world philosophers have existed, who have taught the most beautiful morality, more or less, however, tinged with error. Thus was

'Socrates for god-like virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaimed.'

The fragments of the writings and sayings of these sages, have left us a rich but too scanty store of ancient wisdom.

An eminent poet has the following beautiful sentiment: 'It is the duty of every good man, even in the moment of his destruction, not merely to forgive, but to seek and desire to serve and benefit, his destroyer; as the sandal tree, in the instant of its overthrow, sheds a sweet perfume upon the axe which fells it.' To the same effect is the following of Aristippus: 'It discovers peculiar excellence in a man, to bear good-will even toward those from whom he has received insults.' The maxims of Confucius, the proverbs of Solomon, and the precepts and reflections of many others, convince us that the principles of morals have always been the same, or nearly so. It would appear doubtful whether this science has been improved by the progress of civilization, equally with the physical sciences. It is evident that the sciences of mechanics, hydraulics, and optics, are better understood, and their principles acted upon with more precision and certainty, than the science of morals. How this has happened, deserves inquiry.

The constant and glorious exhibition of the works of nature, and their adaptations, conveys to the minds of all beholders the idea of a *skill* which contrived, and a *power* which constructed them. Thus we find in every age, and in all countries, a belief in a Supreme

Being; and dull indeed must that people be, whose observation and reflection have not led to such a conclusion.

'The Great Spirit,' says an Indian, in his talk to the President, a few years ago, 'the Great Spirit has, ever since the world was made, and the grass grew, laid his book open to all men, of whatever color they may have been; and this book tells the truth to all, and deceives no man.' To the same effect is a forcible writer of modern times, whom I beg leave to quote: 'The creation speaketh a universal language, independently of human speech or human language, multiplied and various as they are. It is an ever-existing original, which every man can read. It cannot be forged; it cannot be counterfeited; it cannot be suppressed. It does not depend on the will of man, whether it shall be published or not; it publishes itself from one end of the world to the other, and preaches to all nations, and to all worlds.'

The early religion of the world would naturally consist of a reverence for the divine Creator, perceived in his works; and an observance of the first principles of morals, growing out of an observation of the relations existing among mankind. The necessities which each felt for the others' assistance, combined with a feeling of benevolence, would prompt to the performance of the most generous deeds, and the most steady kindness. This pure religion would also be more or less infringed upon by the passions and mistakes of the unreflecting, and thus disorder and vice would more or less mingle with the affairs of men. For it would appear that the Creator has chosen, rather than create his world without ills, to supply abundant remedies for them; perhaps in order to heighten our *pleasures*, by a contrast with *pain*, and to identify *virtue*, by a contrast with *vice*. He has placed in the human breast violent passions, and he has blown forth, under the canopy of the sky, storms and tempests. He has also caused the gentle rain to descend from the sweet heavens, and the gentler tear from the eye of sensibility; and I am led to believe that his goodness and kindness have prompted them all.

Benevolence appears to have been the moving motive in the Creator in bringing man and all other sentient animals into being. It was in order to diffuse happiness and joy. And if he has not made man absolutely happy, he has abundantly placed happiness within his reach, and made progress in improvement one of his greatest pleasures. He has scattered his rich gifts every where, not only adapting them to our bodily sensibilities, but to our mental perceptions.

'Not content
With every food of life to nourish man,
By kind illusions of the wond'ring sense,
He makes all nature beauty to his eye,
And music to his ear.'

It was no doubt by observing this goodness in the creation, with the gratitude which it must naturally inspire, that the religion of the Golden Age, before it was corrupted by the inventions of the poet, or the interest of the priest, was a pure and holy religion; a religion like that of Jesus, consisting mainly of benevolence; a benevolence, too, not confined to their friends only, but extending to those who

might strive to do them ill, and which led them to compassionate most of all the heart agitated by hateful passions. The man imbued with this religion, though he might act on the defensive, could never be an aggressor. Akin to the sentiment of Aristippus, already quoted, is the following precept of Jesus : ' Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and do good to them that despitefully use and persecute you.'

Man being so constituted that he cannot choose but seek happiness, as the great end and acquirement of his pursuit, he casts his attention in every direction in order to arrive at and secure this treasure. And, if he be not diverted to follow delusions, with the hope of attaining his much-desired object, he soon discovers that he cannot be happy without virtue. The only difference discoverable between happiness and pleasure is, that happiness is continued pleasure, and pleasure a short happiness.

' Virtue is to man,' says St. Pierre, ' the true law of nature. It is the harmony of all harmonies. Virtue alone can render love sublime, and ambition beneficent. It can derive the purest gratifications even from privations the most severe. Rob it of love, friendship, honor, the sun, the elements, it feels that, under the administration of a Being just and good, abundant compensation is reserved for it, and it acquires an increased confidence in God, even from the cruelty and injustice of man. It was virtue which supported, in every situation of life, a Socrates, an Epicetus, a Fenelon ; that rendered them at once the happiest and most respectable of mankind.'

From the imperfection of both the bodily and mental constitution of man, it follows that he cannot be uninterruptedly happy. From the varieties, also, in the ideas which men entertain of this their chief good, as well as their different capabilities and situations, a greater chance exists of their being happy, as well as the various characters, offices, occupations, and geniuses, being supplied, which are so necessary in the social state.

The ideas which we entertain of our *interest*, which is conceded to be the great lever that moves the world, resolve themselves into the notions we have of happiness. And when we have become so far deluded as to suppose that our happiness or interest can be promoted by that which procures misery to others, we have imbibed an error, which will infallibly secure our wretchedness. Observation and reflection will inevitably convince us of this truth. Poverty is the frequent, but not invariable, companion of vice. There are other worldly or physical ills more certain to accompany the vicious ; and ills of the mind and feelings, a thousand times more unendurable than external evils, which pursue the debased soul, and which the ancients fancied under the name of the *Furies*, whose office was to torment the guilty by the stings of conscience.

We see men living and breathing around us, and passing us every day in the street, with countenances and histories such as convince us that the wrung heart would gladly barter its wealth for a bare subsistence, if it could but undo a portion of their life's history, and which warn us to beware of their path. I could name a long list of such, who tell us, with trumpet tongue, and gorgon countenances, that the way of the vicious is not a pleasant one. The curse of dis-

honesty, even when gilded with wealth, is hard enough to bear. Examples of this class are sufficiently frequent, without resorting to those convict villains who fill our jails.

Thus observation and reflection, by exhibiting to us the dire effects of vice, as well as commending to our lips the pleasant cup of virtue, strengthen the foundations of morality. If, therefore, we are ever to find materials to improve and perfect the science of morality, I am persuaded we must find them in observing the relations existing among mankind, of all classes and denominations, and a minute and careful study of these relations. These studies, together with a contemplation of the great works of nature, may, and probably will, bring back that simplicity of religion, which is supposed to have existed in the early ages of the world — the fabled 'golden age.' In religion, as in other sciences, there are two ages of its simplicity; first, in the infancy of the world, and next, in the maturity of its philosophy. To the first, we cannot return; to the latter, we appear to be hastening; and all philanthropists, having an influence in society, should, I humbly conceive, use their endeavors to hasten our return to that more perfect simplicity.

P R A Y E R .

I.

ARRESTED suns and tranquilled seas declare
To heaven and earth the omnipotence of prayer;
That gives the hopeless hope, the feeble might,
Outruns the swift, and puts the strong to flight,
The noon-tide arrow foils, and plagues that walk by night.

II.

Unmatched in power, unbounded in extent,
As omnipresent as omnipotent;
To no meridian nor clime confined,
Man with his fellow man, and mind to mind,
'Tis hers, in links of love and charity, to bind.

III.

But farther still extends her awful reign:
To her indeed belongs that golden chain,
From fabled gods and their Olympus riven;
But, since to Truth and her adorers given,
E'en with his MAKER man to join, and earth with heaven.

IV.

Then let those lips that never prayed, begin!
We must or cease to pray, or cease to sin;
Each earth-born want and wish, a grovelling brood,
Are oft mistaken, or misunderstood;
But who could dare to *pray* for ought that is not good?

V.

Not that our prayers make heaven more prompt to give,
But they make us more worthy to receive:
There is in that celestial treasury
Wealth inexhaustible, admission free;
But he that never prays, rejects the golden key.

BROTHER GRAY-FROCK AND THE PILGRIM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜRGER.

A PILGRIM maiden, young and fair,
A cloister-pile came to,
She pulled the bell-rope at the door,
And Brother Gray-Frock stood before
Her, without sock or shoe.

She said, 'Now praised be Jesus Christ !'
'For evermore !' said he.
Most strangely these words on him fell,
And when he marked her features well,
His heart beat violently.

The pilgrim in a soft, low breath,
And in a timid tone :
'Most rev'rend sir, oh ! to me say,
If here my heart's beloved stay,
In monastery lone ?'

'My child, how can thy well-belov'd
Be known unto my eyes ?'
'Ah ! by the cloth of hair and serge,
By girdle, willow-wand, and scourge,
Which his fair limbs chastise ;

'Still more by shape and countenance,
Like dawning morn in May,
And by his locks of golden hue,
And by his eyes of heav'nly blue,
So friendly, true, and gay !'

'My goodly child, how long ago !
Long dead and buried deep !
The rank grass waves with whistling moan,
And heavy lies the marble stone,
Long dead and buried deep !

'Seest thou the ivied window there,
Half hidden from the sight ?
There dwelt he, but expir'd ere long,
Still weeping for his maiden's wrong,
And like a flick'ring light.

'Six youthful fellows, strong and slim,
With dong and song and prayer,
They bore unto the grave his bier,
While down there trickled many a tear,
When sunk his coffin there.'

'O wo ! O wo ! so art thou gone ?
Art gone, and buried low ?
Now break, O heart ! the guilt's thine own,
And wert thou like his marble stone,
Thou couldst not harder grow.'

'Have patience, O my child ! nor weep,
But pray thou yet the more ;
Despair it rends the heart in twain ;
The eyes' sweet light is dimm'd by pain,
Then weep not thou so sore !'

'O no ! most rev'rend sir, O no !
Bid not my grief subside !
Since this heart's fond delight was he,
So live and love no youth I see
In all earth far and wide !

'Then let me ever sighs and tears
Both day and night outpour,
Until there break my reddened eye,
And till my gasping tongue shall cry,
'Thank Heav'n ! now all is o'er !'

'But patience, my good child, nor weep,
O sigh not thus so sore !
Nor dew nor shower refresh'd has yet
The once-pull'd little violet —
It fades, and blooms no more.

'Joy flutters on its wings away,
Like swallows, on and on ;
Why hold we then so fast our wo,
Which weighs like lead the heart so low ?
Off with it ! Gone is gone !'

'O no ! most rev'rend sir, O no !
My sorrows do not touch !
And suffer'd I for this dear man
The woes which but a maiden can,
I suffer'd not too much.

'So see I him then nevermore ?
O wo ! now nevermore !
No, no ! in gloomy grave laid low,
Where falls the rain and pelts the snow,
And tall grass rustles o'er !

'Where are your eyes, the blue and clear ?
Your cheeks, the rosy red ?
Your lips, like lilies' sweet perfume ?
Ah ! moulders all within the tomb,
While aches my weary head !'

'My child, O grieve not so ! but think
What humors men have seized !
In most there blows from out one breast
Both hot and cold ; they now are blest,
And now as soon displeas'd.

'Who knows, in spite of love and faith,
But what he chang'd his mind ?
Thy dearest love had youthful blood,
And youthful blood has fickle mood
As has the April wind.'

'Ah, no ! most rev'rend sir, ah, no !
Say not these words to me !
My love so dear was gentle too,
Like sterling gold, as pure and true,
From falsehood ever free.

And can it be that him the grave
Can in its dark jaws hide?
So bid I then adieu to home,
And with my pilgrim staff I roam
The broad world, far and wide.

'But first I'll turn me to his vault,
And there will I kneel low,
There shall, with kisses and with sighs,
And thousand tears from these poor eyes,
The grass more greenly grow.'

'My child, O turn thee first in here,
And take refreshment meet! [spire,
Hark! how the storm shakes tower and
And glassy hail-stones in their ire
On roof and window beat?'

'O no! most rev'rend sir, O no!
Hold me not back, I pray!
The rain upon my head may dash,
No rain in all the world can wash
My guilt from me away.'

'Ha! ha! good mistress, turn thee round,
And see thy comfort nigh!
Fair love, see here whom thou hast got!
Knowest thou Brother Gray-Frock not?
The dearest — that am I!

'Through pain of ever hopeless love,
This garb of serge I chose;
Soon had in monastery lone
My life and never-ceasing groan
High oaths brought to a close.

'Now heaven be praised! My trial year
Is not yet quite pass'd o'er;
Fair maid, if now to you I'm known,
And thou mak'st hand and heart my own,
I enter there no more.'

Thank heaven! thank heaven! now pass
All sorrows from my heart! [away
O welcome, welcome, pleasures blest,
Come, my heart's chosen, to my breast!
Death only can us part!'

FOX-CHASE OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY W. H. SOTHAM.

——— 'Nothing I admire
Beyond the running of the well trained pack.
At fault none, losing heart, but all at work!
None leaving his task to another! — answering
The watchful huntsman's caution, check, or cheer,
As steed his rider's rein! Away they go!'

LOVE CHASE.

I HAVE never seen, in any publication in America, a true description of an old-fashioned English fox-chase. Let me endeavor to sketch one, for the entertainment of readers who have never been called to mingle in the exciting sport. I have thought that it might prove amusing, since it has afforded pleasure to so many *great men*, in the old world. Their minds are chiefly engaged with it through the winter season, and their indulgence in it is indeed extravagant. It is the topic of conversation, both in the field and drawing-room. The ladies enjoy it; they admire a 'bold rider,' and consider such as call themselves sportsmen, and yet cannot give an accurate description of every check, turn, and desperate leap, they take, and distinguish the notes of their favorite hounds, as cowards and 'milk-sops,' and unworthy to protect a 'spirited lady.' Such opinions spur young men on to purchase high-priced horses, to keep an extra number, and by these means, to gallop out of their fortunes.

A true sportsman is literally *enamoured* with a favorite hound. He delights to see him take his meals, and caresses him, as he would his dearest friend. He cheers him with a 'vieu-haloo,' a sound which will at all times charm the ear of a tired hound, and enliven the spirits of a weary hunter; and when he dies, instead of throwing him to the muck-hill, to decay ingloriously, he bestows a tomb, a monument, and an epitaph, to his memory, erected in the most con-

spicuous part of his pleasure-ground. No sportsman passes by, without giving a 'death-halloo' over the remains of the old and valued friend, who has afforded him so much pleasure. He turns away with many a lingering look behind, saying, perhaps, 'A better hound than lies buried there, never entered a cover!'

A great brag is your professional fox-hunter. His descriptions of the chase are generally exaggerated. As a farmer, however, cannot be deemed a true sportsman, he is more likely to confine himself to facts. Having trained a number of young horses, to attract attention, I was induced to ride rather boldly. Should a farmer's horse be seen to flag in the chase, every sportsman is soon aware of it, and will not purchase. Give me a fair start, and I could keep as near the hounds as the best of them; and my repeated success in obtaining the brush, when but a beardless boy, elicited many a curse from certain jealous sportsmen. Having, as I modestly conceive, a thorough knowledge of the chase, the reader may rely upon the faithfulness of my sketch.

A pack of fox-hounds contains from sixteen to twenty couples, to which are attached a huntsman and two whippers-in. Each pack generally hunts four days in a week, when the frost will permit. They make their appointments near woods, where foxes frequent, at ten o'clock in the morning. Each duke, lord, baronet, and esquire, who may attend the meeting, send their servants forward with the horses they intend to ride through the day, who take care to ride them steadily to the cover, and have every thing as clean and neat as if just out of the stable. Many gentlemen who have long distances to come, send their servants and horses to a tavern near the meeting-place, the previous evening, and come in parties, or alone, as their inclinations lead them; some in a carriage and four, some driving tandem, some in a chaise, and some on horseback. There are generally a great many students from the Universities, who go to cover as fast as their horses can carry them. When these various parties enter the meeting-field, each looks out for his own servant and horse, and the gentlemen all turn out of their carriages, each one with scarlet coat, black waistcoat, buckskin or white cord breeches, top boots, spurs, and long hunting-whip in his hand; unless it be a parson, who is obliged to content himself with a black coat, his calling rendering the scarlet one a forbidden privilege, though his dress in every other respect corresponds with the others. Gentlemen who come to cover on horseback, generally wear 'overalls' to keep their dress clean; and when they arrive, their servants take them off, and turn them out as neat as those who came in their carriage. A sportsman's dress, it may be observed, is strikingly genteel. Not a pin, a broach, or any show of jewelry, is seen about his person.

The nobility and gentry pass their morning compliments, talk over the 'last run,' relate the amusement, perhaps, of the previous evening — the fortunate boasting of his winnings at play, and the loser swearing at his losses, etc. The young farmers assemble around them, riding fine young horses, trained for the purpose of sale. The nobility will give any amount for them, if spirited and successful. Among some of the high bloods at college, whom their fathers supply well with money, the price of a good horse is no object. The credit of gaining the 'brush,' 'scalp,' or 'pad,' is worth the price of

the animal. In addition to the classes mentioned, the meeting is often attended by merchants, tailors, and grocers, and others who have horses of their own. Even gipsies, who have commonly a good supply of old worn-out hunters, and broken-down stagers, often sally out to see the start. The hedger lays aside his hatchet, the ditcher throws down his spade, the mechanic leaves his handicraft, and the husbandman his tillage, each running as far as his legs will take him. The poacher takes advantage of the opportunity given him by the hounds, to disturb the game.

‘It is his delight, of a shiny night,’

he sings, to pursue his vocation ; but many a pheasant and hare disappears in open day, when the nobility and their keepers are too much excited with the chase, to think of foul play in their preserves.

Away they go to the wood, in pursuit of the fox ! The whippers-in are placed on the weather side, to give the ‘view-halloo,’ when Reynard escapes from it, as he is almost certain to ‘break cover’ on that side. The huntsman with the pack of hounds stands near to the wood, until he thinks they are at their post, and not a hound dare enter it, until he receives his order from him ; but as soon as it is given, they all rush in, with their heads and tails up, determined to find their prey, if the wood contains him. Each hound ‘hunts his ground true,’ and as soon as the fox starts from his den, (which he perhaps made the same morning, being stopped out from his hole the night previous, by the earth-stopper,) one or other of the pack soon takes scent, and gives the first challenge, for which every ear, of man and horse, is open. The instant it is heard, it thrills through every vein, braces every nerve, and makes all ‘eager for the chase.’ No one can imagine the intense excitement of the moment, unless he has himself been engaged in the sport. Every hound, when he hears the challenge of the first, makes his way toward him, and all join in the cry. The music of a well trained pack of fox-hounds is more grateful to a sportsman’s ear than even the finest notes of the immortal Catalani, particularly when they are coming toward him, and pressing the fox to break cover near him. Observe how his horse paws the ground, champs his bit, and stretches every limb with firmness, looking as stately and noble as his fearless rider ! Suddenly you perceive he becomes perfectly still, as if a bullet had pierced him. He is listening attentively for the ‘view-halloo,’ while the rider’s eyes look anxiously for the fox to break cover. He no sooner reaches the open fields, than the whippers-in discover him, and give the expected sound, the shrillness of which echoes through the air, and is heard at a great distance. Each horseman makes his way toward the direction whence it proceeds, and by the time they have nearly all arrived, the hounds break cover. Away they go across the fields, and those who keep nearest the hounds are the best fellows.

Many young students are random, bold riders, but with little judgment. They often tire their horses before the run is over, by taking some unnecessary straining leaps, on purpose to boast of them ; but the judicious rider evades such, unless he sees they are absolutely necessary to shorten his cut. There are very few horses that will leap a brook well. I have often been much amused to see them

reach one, and have had many a soaking from their short-comings. Some few horses will leap over well; others will come up at full speed, and halt suddenly at the edge; the bank will give way, and in plunge both horse and rider, head foremost. Another will come up, save not so near, in the same way, and throw his rider over his neck into the river. Another still will leap over, yet not go far enough to clear the bank that hangs upon the opposite side. That giving way, the horse and rider fall backward. Sometimes the latter can save himself by rolling on the bank, as the horse is falling. Some of the horses start off one way, and some another, but generally follow the hounds, as they like the sport as well as their riders. There are seldom any serious accidents happen, although a sportsman scarcely ever turns his head to see whether there is any danger in the leap he is about to take. There is as much jealousy existing among them as between two or three ardent lovers, courting a beautiful damsel.

The rear is brought up by the merchants, tailors, grocers, and other plebeians. When these worthies come to a fence, one or two will get off their horses, pull up the dead wood, and make a gap in the hedge. Some will say: 'Pray, Sir, take that other stake out, or my horse will lame himself.' They will all stand round the gap, and get every thing clear, when an old sportsman, who has been thrown out in some way, which will cause ill humor, seeing no other way of getting over the fence, but at the spot where these knights of the counter are industriously engaged, rides up among them, presses his horse through the crowd, and says, 'Get out of the way, you yard, apron-string, and thimble fellows!' 'Oh, yes!' they all respond, 'let him go first!' Then follow the counter-men, one after the other, as they came into the world; and as soon as each leaps the ditch, he looks back to see if the other horses leaped as far as his did; ride to the gates, open them, and never see the hounds again, until they come to a check; and it is seldom they do then, unless the huntsman should make his cast in the direction they are coming. When that is the case, they will be almost sure to ride across the scent, if the fox has taken the double. In such event, the duke or master of the hounds gives them a sportsman's lecture, as thus: 'D——n your tailoring crew! Go home and set cross-legged on your shop-board; you yard-men, go and measure your tape; and you grocery men, put on your aprons, and chew sugar, and not come here to spoil the sport of three hundred sportsmen!' While this lecture is being given, an old favorite hound, on a cold scent, will give his challenge! All eyes are on him. 'Hark to Trueman! — hark! — hark!' is the cry. The hounds are cheered, and away they all go again. It is, however, generally slow cold hunting, until they come to a small cover, where the fox will wait for them. Off they start again, at top speed, for four or five miles. Toward the latter end of the run, you will see the injudicious riders tumbling over the fences, their horses being too tired to clear them; while the thorough sportsmen, who have saved their animals whenever they could, are forward, striving to be in first at the death, and to obtain the brush. The first in, takes the fox from the bounds, holds him up by the neck, and gives the 'view-halloo,' 'whoop-whoop!' and cuts off the brush, thus winning the honor of the day. The huntsman then comes, takes off the scalp, cuts off his four

'pads,' and presents them to those who come in, in succession. The music the hounds make, and the anxiety they show to devour the fox, would well nigh cheer a dying man, who loved the sport. When the fox is thrown among the hounds, they all rush for a share of him. He is literally torn to pieces. Not a piece of flesh, hide, or bone, is left. As soon as the run is over, if too late to try for a fresh fox, they return to their dwellings, or places of invitation, to meet the ladies of their families at dinner, discuss the affair over their wine, and spend their evenings cheerfully with the fair.

On one occasion, I attended rather a remarkable fox-chase. Two packs of hounds met at their appointed places, about fifteen miles apart. One fox crossed the other's track, and both packs arrived together, and pursued the same game. Each party was excited to the utmost, and bold riders were desperate. The scent was good, and the hounds ran breast high, and at a rapid pace. I was fortunate enough to be riding, and not over cautiously, one of the best horses my father ever owned. He has often told me he expected to see me brought home on a hurdle, with two or three broken limbs, as I knew not what fear was. On this occasion, certain death would scarcely have deterred the boldest of our party. The cheerful cry of both packs, the anxiety of each division, and the presence of a lady, who rode fearlessly, forced the nerve of every man to its utmost. But as the young lady had ridden away from her attendant, one of our best riders had to take charge of her in his absence. Her beau had 'stuck in a bog,' though she, observing his course, had cautioned him against the danger. The damsel herself barely escaped. Being light, however, and her horse powerful, they pushed through it. In vain she exclaimed, with all her might, 'Warn bog! my lord! warn bog!' The caution came too late. 'My lord' jumped in, and was obliged to remain in, for some time. After giving a laborer a sovereign to extricate his horse, however, away he went, as fast as his beast could carry him. One spur was for the lady, and the other for the chase. Which was used the most, I cannot tell; but the follower and the followed pressed onward.

Toward the end of the run, there were but four of us who kept at the tail of the hounds. The remainder, about four hundred in number, were left 'on their winding way,' pressing their tired horses; some rolling in the ditches, others making their way to the roads, their horses being too fatigued to leap a fence. When we were in view of the fox, in his dying field, there was not one more man within a half a mile! Never did I feel so fearless, nor more joyful. I was the first man over the last fence, with the fox and hounds all immediately before me, and but one man close at my heels! We both leaped from our horses, with an eagerness utterly inconceivable, save to a true sportsman. Both of us reached the fox together, but I, fortunately, caught the brush, while Sir ——— seized the head. We tugged with might and main, the hounds baying uproariously all around us. I proved to be the stronger of the two; and when my antagonist found this to be the case, he relinquished his hold, fell backward among the hounds, with the fox upon me, his brush in my grasp. It seemed to me that the strength of Hercules could scarcely have forced it from me. One of the young hounds seized my prize, but I relaxed no whit of my

hold. Sir —— whipped him off, rubbed the fox over my face, as I lay on my back, smearing it with blood, and laughing heartily, as he exclaimed : ‘ Though a farmer, a true sportsman, by G—d ! ’ I gave the ‘ death-halloo,’ as soon as I gained sufficient breath, and cut off the brush. Our other two companions enjoyed our struggle, and would gladly have partaken it. The remainder came in as soon as their horses could bring them, the lady among the number. I delivered the fox to the huntsman, who scalped him, and gave it, with two pads, to Sir ——, and to the two others a pad each. My lord from the bog soon made his appearance. The lady no sooner saw him, than she cried out : ‘ Warn bog ! my lord ! warn bog ! ’ — and a hearty laugh ensued, in which ‘ my lord ’ joined as heartily as the rest. I presented the brush to the lady, apologized for my appearance, which, I must admit, was none of the nicest. She replied, graciously, that such an appearance, at the end of a run, was a sportsman’s glory. I wound the brush round her bridle’s front, sold my horse (at a respectable bargain) to her lover, and returned home, quite satisfied with my day’s work.

DICK EASY’S BARGAIN.

DICK EASY was a man who loved repose ;
 His good wife Rachel led him by the nose,
 That is, in other words, she wore the breeches ;
 I would not say that Richard wanted spirit,
 But t’ oppose a woman, where ’s the merit ?
 Who fights with pouting airs or dinning speeches ?

Dick had a dog, and Jowler was his name,
 A cause of no small grievance to the dame,
 For Jowler was as lazy as his master ;
 And in the kitchen, crouching, he would creep,
 Lie on the hearth, or in the corner sleep,
 With one eye open, plotting some disaster.

A joint of meat, unwatched, he ’d slyly snap it,
 Or soup or gravy in a dish, he’d lap it,
 And then, with tail between his legs, creep out ;
 Or else the dog was always in the way,
 The maids fell o’er his carcass every day,
 And then the kitchen was in such a rout !

‘ I do declare,’ thus cried the honest wife,
 ‘ This vile old brute will worry out my life ;
 ‘ I wish the dog was dead, or else in Guinea !
 ‘ Get out ! ’ and here she’d thump him with a stick,
 ‘ Were I a man,’ and here she’d look at Dick,
 ‘ But what’s the use to talk to such a ninny ! ’

Time after time, whene’er these ills befel him,
 Dick straight would swear, ‘ Confound the dog ! I’ll sell him !
 And then I hope to have some little quiet.’
 Dick smoked his pipe, and still the threat grew cold ;
 He quite forgot that Jowler must be sold,
 Until his wife would raise another riot.

At length one day Dick homeward came with glee,
 ‘ My dear, I’ve sold the dog ! ’ ‘ How much ? ’ said she :
 ‘ Ten pounds ! ’ ‘ Ten pounds ! where is it, honey ? ’
 ‘ I got no cash,’ the loving husband said,
 ‘ But took two rapiers, at five pounds a head,
 ‘ Which comes, you know, my dear, to just the money ! ’

THE EARLY ENGLISH WRITERS.

'ARE they not hearty and cheerful? Do not their writings smack of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein? Do they not fortify like a cordial, enlarging the heart, and productive of sweet blood, and generous spirits in the concoction?'

CHARLES LAMB.

It is in the literature of a nation that her best history is contained. Wide as her conquests may have extended over land and sea, they are but proofs of her strength, and often of her folly and blind passion; while the history of her political changes is but a ten-times-told tale of fraudulent power, overthrown by still greater fraud, or of violence overwhelmed by violence. But a nation's literature is her loftiest and purest remembrancer. In it we see mirrored forth those great minds whose names adorn her annals, and whose embodied thoughts the world has till now preserved, and will never willingly let die. The early English writers who preceded Dryden, were the authors of a literature second to but one of all that ever existed. A splendid galaxy of poets, orators, and statesmen, have given this verdict, and their testimony cannot be invalidated, on the ground of national prejudice. They belong neither to that class of small spirits, whose only means of elevating their own country is at the expense of others, nor to those half-bred intellects, who are acquainted with no language, feelings, or thoughts, save those which they see every day around them. The men of whom we speak, have not only, by familiarity with the Greek and Roman fountains, prepared themselves to compute the volume of the mighty rivers of mind flowing from those sources, but have made themselves adepts in the national literatures of Europe. Those who praise Milton, have followed the great Dante in his journey through hell and heaven, and, with no incurious eye, have viewed him crossing, with earthly footsteps, the burning marl; now listening to the sweet-toned and grave, though not sad words of the spirits of the heathen poets, or to the wild, unintelligible shouts of the tormented Nimrod, as his gigantic ghost stood waist-deep in the pit, with its huge companions, Briareus, and Typhæus, and Antæus, 'like the mast of some tall admiral,' and Ephialtes convulsed with agony, and in his frantic struggles rocking to and fro, like some huge tower, waving from its base in the earthquake; or dazzled with the effulgence that for an instant increased even the brightness of heaven, as his first and only love, Beatrice, looked with a smile upon him from her place among the choir of angels. The admirers of Chaucer and Spenser have familiarized themselves with the beauties of Tasso and Ariosto, and with the mirth of Pulci. And the readers of the English dramatists are acquainted not only with the Greek and Roman theatre, but also with the gorgeous arabesques of Germany, the sportive merriment of Lopez de Vega, and the graceful regularity of the French drama. Such are the qualifications for judgment possessed by those who pronounce the literature of which we speak to be surpassed alone by that of Greece, if indeed it have any superior. Even admitting the criti-

cal superiority of the Grecian writers, the literature of England ought to receive still greater attention; for while these writings, (which bear the same relation to our contemporary literature that the lofty portals and long colonnades which the architects of Petra carved in the living rock, do to the plaster pillars and wooden cornices which sometimes adorn our *tasteful* edifices,) are models of our own language, productions of our own ancestors, and proud monuments of our own national glory, the literature of Greece refers to nations that have passed away; to men concerning whom history is almost silent, and to strange and unknown customs; insomuch that their serious productions are like the relics of their fortresses and temples, which were strong, and are beautiful, but are now neither fit for worship nor defence; while their gayety is like the wine-cups dug up in Pompeii, which once were garlanded with roses and ivy, and passed from hand to hand, at the feasts of Roman statesmen and soldiers, but now are 'sad sepulchral pitchers, which have no joyful voices, silently expressing old mortality, the ruins of forgotten times.'

The long and bright first day of English literature, whose fervid noon-tide, and gorgeous though lurid and thunderous sunset, were well worthy of so fresh, dewy, and beautiful a morning, began with the father of our poetry, GEOFFREY CHAUCER. In speaking of this writer, as compared with his great followers, it may be said, that while sublimity is the characteristic of Milton, and the Faëry Queen of Spenser seems like some long and passionate dream, wherein the imagination had tasked itself to accumulate together all sights and sounds of loveliness, the characteristics of Chaucer are the mingled liveliness and beauty, humor and pathos, which give the world assurance of a poet. There is no writer so Homeric. There is none who so describes the court, with its press of knights and ladies, or the wild turmoil of the tournament, when trump and clarion have sounded, and the champions meet in mid space; when the bright swords strike fire from the armor, and the splinters from broken lance-shafts fly high into the air, and down go barbed war-horse, and plumed knight:

'Then might ye see loose steeds at random run,
Whose luckless riders late were overthrown.'

One should be himself a poet, to describe that wild, high excitement, and that rush of language, words flung out like sparks of fire, which narrates the story of Arcita's last battle.

And more. There is no writer who can lay claim to a greater share of that noblest quality of a poet, a love of all things beautiful. Chaucer, in every part of his joyous, sweet-humored writings, seems to aim at binding his words to dwell in the reader's mind, in connection with all lovely things. His poems are replete with all pleasant sights and sounds; of the soft shining rain of spring, of the glittering dew at sun-rise, of the wild-flower in the meadow, and the song of the bird, as it flutters through the underwood. It was no weakness or timidity which occasioned it; for where the vices or the errors of the age were in question, not Frank Rabelais himself was a bolder jester.

His highest praise I mention last. He lived in a licentious age,

yet is there no writer who has spoken of love with more respect and honor. Let me repeat his own beautiful words :

'For thereof truly cometh all goodness,
All honor and all gentleness,
Worship, ease, all fair and just,
Perfect joy, and full assuréd trust,
Jollity, pleasaunce, and freshness.

'Lowlyhood, largess, and courtesy,
Seemliness, and true company,
Dread and shame to do amiss,
For he that truly Love's servant is,
Than be shaméd, had rather die.'

Such are the words of the oldest of our poets ; and though his spelling be antiquated, and his lines sometimes require a glossary, still this should not hinder his being read by all who love true poetry ; who, when they first peruse him, are conducted to a hill side, laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds, on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming.

Chaucer had no immediate successor. Soon after his death, a time of blood and rapine came over England. The war of the Roses, the bloodiest of English civil wars, broke out, and for many years raged unchecked. It was no war of principles, like the subsequent revolutions, but a loathsome, brutal conflict for the throne. The nobleman was beheaded, the merchant plundered, the peasant starved. The horrors of that warfare are inconceivable. It is a historical fact, that in later times, during the wars of the League, in France, so constant was the terror, and so long-continued and universal the danger, that at length the very cattle knew the note of warning, and would, of their own accord, leave the pasture, and run bellowing to their homes, whenever they heard the alarm bell. Yet this was but a trifle, compared with the horrors of the wars of Lancaster and York. At length, the dire conflict ceased. Quiet and plenty reigned over the land. The Catholic religion was overthrown, and education extended. Again it was restored, and served to excite the national mind to thought. The study of the Greek, with its glorious literature, was introduced into the English Universities. The language of Machiavelli became as necessary an accomplishment, as French is now. Latin was the language in which scholars wrote all books, not intended solely for their own countrymen. The Reformation had now gone on, conquering and to conquer. A new world had been discovered. A new way had been marked out to the old, by Vasco de Gama. The Hollanders were in arms against Spain. The Huguenots were girded on behalf of that Old Cause, for which the Waldenses had died on the battle-field, or in the snow of the Cevennes, so many years before. The breath which had gone out of the mouths of Luther and Calvin, had not fallen, but had gone on the wings of the wind over all Europe, upturning, to its lowest bottom, the depths of the popular mind, and lashing it into furious and swelling commotion. 'The deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high.' But, when Elizabeth came to the throne, England was calm, amidst all this tumult. Peace was within her borders. All the enthusiasm

of the race of men, of all the most enthusiastic toward great ends, poured itself forth in rapturous fealty to their queen, the great Gloriana. The wild tumult, all around, excited them, but not to evil. The pent-up fire of their hearts vented itself, not in civil contest, but in burning words at home, and in feats of the wildest and most chivalric valor abroad. It was the time of 'moving accidents by flood and field,' of adventures among 'antres vast and deserts idle;' the epoch of Walter Raleigh, of Drake, and Willoughby, of Davis and Frobisher. But at home, all was quiet. The fearful turmoil abroad came upon the English like the lamentations within the portals of hell, upon the ear of Dante; sighs, weepings, and loud exclamations, resounding through the starless night, and sounds as of different tongues; horrible speeches, words of sorrow, accents of wrath; voices loud and hoarse, 'with hands together smote;' but they themselves felt no evil, and looked to see no sorrow. The national excitement was fostered and directed by the education then in vogue; an education, inferior, perhaps, to the modern, in the amount of information conveyed, but tenfold better calculated to expand the mind, and purify the taste; and its result was, a race of men of whom it might be most fitly said, 'There were giants on the earth in those days.' Then was the time of learned soldiers, of polished scholars, of practical and shrewd men of taste. At no other period could have flourished that mirror of poetry, Philip Sydney; now shining at court, now in company with his sister Lucy, writing that beautiful romance, the 'Arcadia;' now closeted with statesmen, now entertaining the ambassadors who came to offer him the elective crown of Poland; now translating from the French of Philip Mornay one of the most learned and philosophical of works in defence of Christianity, and now dying from that musket shot to which his fearless emulation had exposed him. Such were the critics for whom the men of that period wrote.

Then arose a literature, such as no other nation ever possessed. Tasteful and polished, to an unexampled degree, and yet flushed with life and warmth, the poems and plays of that epoch have had no rivals. It was not a time when dispute ran high, although the hidden sources of dissension had begun to pour forth their bitter waters; and thus the sterner and graver questions were postponed until the next generation. The time of Elizabeth and James was one of excitement, of fancy, and of gayety; and accordingly, no later writer has been impelled by those brave, visionary impulses, to which our old poets yielded.

Merely to enumerate the elegant writers of that period, would require too much space, so many are there whose works are comparatively unread. Of the 'myriad-minded Shakspeare' it would be superfluous to speak. His works are made even more beautiful by their antiquity:

'Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a *time-change*
Into something rich and strange.'

But how are his contemporaries neglected? Who reads that rare and artful humorist, Ben Jonson? Who is acquainted with the

brilliant wit and touching pathos of that gayest, liveliest, sweetest of poets, John Fletcher, and the beautiful writings of his two cousins, like

——— 'fairy visions
Of those gay creatures of the elements,
That in the colors of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds ?'

All these are unread by the mass ; and with them are forgotten those stately builders of verse, Massinger and Chapman, and many another writer, whose productions lie neglected in old libraries, although each 'the precious life-blood of a master spirit.' For reasons already mentioned, I am compelled to leave all these contemporaries unnoticed, save the second luminary of that time, EDMUND SPENSER, who wrote the 'Faëry Queen.' Language deserving of being considered a model of pure and beautiful English, and a versification sweet as the melody of flutes, and 'smooth as Pelop's shoulder,' form but a slight part of the merits of that lovely poem. 'Solemn processions of purple thought,' lofty allegories, and scenes of stateliest and most regal argument, all combine to give light and dignity to what would otherwise be overpowering and fatiguing, through the very mass and extension of its beauty. It is like some vast tropical thicket, choked and matted with gorgeousness and luxuriance, and bewildering from the constant spread of huge trees and lovely flowers. We gaze around us, like Spenser's own knight-errant in the enchanted castle :

——— 'beholding all the way,
The goodly works, and stones of rich array,
Cast into sundry shapes, by utmost skill.
The like on earth I nowhere reckon may,
And underneath the river rolling still,
With murmur soft, that seemed to serve the workman's will.'

Spenser was the last of the chivalric poets ; and, with one grand exception, he was, for a long time, the last who found his inspiration in nature, among forests and waterfalls — gardens, fountains, and meadows. Never was there a sublimer poet, although the height of Milton's imagination is more constantly retained, and rendered less material, by its Hebraic tinge of thought. Milton's poems affect us like those dreams, where unseen yet distinguished shapes of beauty and terror pass before our sleeping vision, and the dusky air is moved by solemn and majestic harmonies. But to read Spenser, is like wandering in some wide-spread garden, with vast and hoary trees, all glowing with the blossoms of the creepers round them ; with cool arbors and bright gushing springs ; with graceful statues and gay-plumed birds, now shown forth by the brilliancy of noon-day, and now hushed in the repose of the soft, still, holy night.

The time of English poetry soon passed away. Long before the death of James, those disputes and aggressions commenced, which as yet only troubled the sweet fountain of our literature, without awakening the national mind to that whirlwind energy, which brought on the Great Rebellion. The nation was like the fabled Cænis, when driven from among the nymphs, and before the repentant god had

endowed her with the frame of masculine strength and figure, invulnerable against all weapons, which rendered Cæneus one of the most renowned of fabulous heroes. Still, one heaven-born mind retained the hidden spark of flame divine; but beside him, scarce one great mind was visible. But causes were at work, which were soon to raise up in one night a brood of men, who should dethrone the son of him who had sowed the dragons' teeth from which they sprang. The Puritans rose up, and banded together for their rights; and high advanced before their ranks, during all that struggle, shone like a comet the fiery sword of MILTON, drawn to gain that charter and freehold of rejoicing which we enjoy, by our descent from those iron men, who, whatever might have been their errors, at least thought nothing worthier than truth and right, and feared nothing save the curse pronounced on those who did the work of the Lord negligently. They gained their cause, and the death of their leader brought about their fall, and the restoration of the worst tyrant that ever sat upon the English throne.

It became the sad duty of the two greatest men of that period, to sit and listen to the ravings of a sick and delirious nation. Milton and Sydney were both called to give up nearly all that is held dear to man. The one sat in his hovel, poor, old, and blind; his office taken from him, his writings burnt by the hangman, his life only spared through the contemptuous mercy of his foes; his little property embezzled by his avaricious wife, and his books and furniture stolen by 'those pelican daughters;' while the other was soon to be called to die upon a scaffold, in behalf of the truth. And in these were the circumstances that gave birth to the noblest of English poems, and the most eloquent and masterly of treatises on politics. The writings of Milton are now 'fashionable,' and they need no praise. But Algernon Sydney's *Discourses on Government* must not thus be passed over; for if the most just ideas, the most convincing arguments, and the highest spirit of freedom, should secure perusal, then ought that work to be studied by all; as well by those who seek proofs wherewith to establish republicanism, as by such as look for some model which may impart that earnest, sarcastic, masculine eloquence, which lightens and thunders, and rends its opponent, and which, when clothed in another language, wielded at will the fierce democracy of Athens. For so are all the inferior parts of eloquence made subordinate to the sole aim of proving the point in hand, and covering with merited contempt the puny asserter of the right divine of kings to govern wrong, that to read that book is like gazing upon the struggles of some colossal wrestler, whose beautiful proportions and graceful attitudes we might admire, were we not obliged rather to notice the fire of his eye, and the terrible strength which he puts forth.

Time and space forbid us to enter into a farther detail of the disappearance of the elder school of writers; to speak of Sir Thomas Browne's stately and high-wrought pomp of language, and his philosophical mysticism, or to criticize the immortal *Hudibras*, in which the vast and various learning of the past generation is so drolly pressed into the service of the wit and whim, which distinguished the rising school. Sydney and Milton were the last relics of that

race of giants, whose thoughts and deeds have gone through all the world, and in them the sun of England set, after no unworthy course, and soon destined to rise with new, though not equal, brilliancy.

B. F. G.

HYMN OF THE VOYAGERS.

'The white foam dashes high! away, away!
Shroud my green land no more, thou blinding spray!'

STARS of midnight, clustering o'er us,
Light our pathway o'er the sea!
Hark! the dark waves shout before us,
And the breeze unchains its glee;
Light us, light us, gems of heaven!
While we journey o'er the ocean;
Ye to night's calm hour have given
All the poetry of devotion.

Watch us, watch us, gently, brightly!
We will watch ye, too, in turn;
Charming Hope in whispers, lightly,
Promises a sweet return;
Household faces shine around us,
O'er the waters as we fly,
Memory's magic spells have bound us—
Hist! — was that the sea-bird's cry?

Oh! it seemed to speak of home,
Home, and all her laughing daughters,
Torrents with their ambient foam,
And willows stooping o'er the waters;
Sea-bird! sea bird! shout once more,
Thou bearest not one note of sorrow;
Thou comest from that happy shore
Which we hope to greet to-morrow!

Tell us of our household dwelling,
Wanderer of the starry night!
Are the founts we loved still welling,
In the pale moon's softened light?
Does the pine-tree murmur still,
And the tall old aspen shiver?
And the 'little tinkling rill'
Still haste on to kiss the river?

Tell us, tell us, wandering sea-bird!
Thou art from that blessed shore,
Faintly now thy voice is heard,
Mingling with the ocean's roar;
Now it rises, now 't is gone,
While the moon goes riding by,
And the good ship speedeth on,
'Neath the starry midnight sky.

Guide us, thou who art in Heaven!
While we slumber on the billow,
And in visions all Elysian,
Press once more the household pillow;
Guide us, while the stars beam brightly,
And the canvass greets the breeze,
Touch us, winds of midnight, lightly!
Smile yet brighter, moonlit seas!

Utica, July, 1838.

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H. W. R.

OLD AGE AND BEAUTY.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

ONCE upon a time, a very beautiful lady received a strange visitor. She was sitting alone in her dressing-room, stripped of all the fashionable ornaments that usually decked her person, and which were now strewed around her in every direction. Some were tossed over the backs of chairs; others she was arranging in her armoire; and the most costly glittered in an open casket on the toilette table. She had risen late, and was now rectifying the disorders of the preceding night; for she had cast off her finery in hasty negligence, after having, at a late hour, taken leave of a large circle of acquaintance, who had crowded her drawing-rooms, tasted her sweets, and basked in her smiles, for a few brief hours, and then left her to — her own thoughts. These she soon buried in sleep; but the next morning — ah! how ‘stale and unprofitable’ it sometimes appears! — the next morning, this lady felt strangely weary; late hours began to have an effect upon her, for which she was puzzled to account. She sank into an easy chair, when her labors were over, and it so chanced that the large mirror, swinging over the toilette, inclined a little, so as to reflect her whole person. She naturally enough fixed an anxious gaze on that much admired form; but alas! a few hours seemed to have wrought sad changes there. All her boasted charms appeared to have been thrown aside with the elegant apparel that had so lately adorned her.

‘How unbecoming these loose robes are!’ she exclaimed; ‘and yet I used not to think so,’ she added, with a sigh. ‘And this *bonnet de nuit* — I never before thought it so frightful; pshaw! it makes an old woman of me!’ So saying, she removed the offending cap, and throwing it from her, began to arrange her fine tresses into a more becoming head-dress; but the plain-spoken mirror before her told such home truths, in its own quiet, reflective manner, that she found her task an irksome one, and grew fretful with her fruitless endeavors to restore to her hair its glossy blackness, and to her face its dimpled charms.

‘I thought something was wrong,’ said she, as she looked up languidly at a side window, where the upper blinds had been left open; ‘it is that odious light streaming in from above, so unbecomingly, that makes me look so haggard this morning; and then the fatigue of so large a party. How beautiful Euphrosyne looked!’ continued she, musingly. ‘She was a little child when I made my début on the stage of fashion, and now, behold her radiant in the proud loveliness of a youthful matron! Time was when I could have matched her charms, but now — Well, well; I was never before so forcibly reminded of the alteration a few years can make. How changed I look! How very, very wretched and nervous I feel this morning!’ Again she turned her languid eyes upward, toward the intrusive, tell-tale beam; glanced them once more over

the mirror, and started with affright; for, reflected there, she perceived a dimly-defined but most unsightly form bending over her.

'I know thee, insidious intruder!' cried she, covering her face with her hands: 'I have had warnings of thy approach, and now thou art here; yet I defy thee!'

'Hush, hush!' said the calm, hollow voice of Old Age, for no other than he was the strange visitor, 'hush! do not defy me; I have not yet laid my hand upon thee, and on thyself it must depend whether my sure touch be that of a friend or an enemy; whether the dominion I shall surely exercise over thy fate, be that of a gentle master, or a stern tyrant.'

While these words were sounding ominously within her heart, the lady endeavored to turn a deaf ear to their import. She rose from the dressing-table, rang the bell, and ordered her maid to shut the blinds, and keep them better closed in future. She then gave some directions respecting her wardrobe, and throwing herself on a sofa, fell into a reverie, in which she laid vigorous plans for defeating the designs of Age. 'I will so disguise myself,' thought she, 'that the wretch will not know me. His presence here is a heavy burthen, and it would be mortifying past endurance, to be recognised by such an antediluvian monster, in the midst of society, from hence forward and for evermore to have my name coupled with his.' So the next time she dressed for company, her own hair was gathered away out of sight, and some shining ringlets were substituted in its place; and, in addition to the becoming effect of a new and elegant head-dress, a slight tinge of rouge concealed the ravages time had made on her complexion: and thus, indeed, she might be said to defy Old Age; for though he frequently hovered about her, and whispered his melancholy forbodings in her ear, she had the satisfaction to perceive, that in company, at least, no one was aware of his presence but herself.

It was in the solitude of her own boudoir, that Old Age became her persecutor; when the excitement of admiration was over; the person disrobed of its gay attire, the countenance of its false ornaments, and forced smiles; ah! Age claimed her then, and grew familiar. She never seated herself at her toilette, but he placed himself at her side, and preached to her, and pried into her heart, and annoyed her so incessantly, that there was no resource for her, but to array herself with skill, and fly to company again for relief. It was a sad sight—her worn countenance, and faded form, beneath the frail disguises of fashion.

'Why so weary of me already?' said Age to her, one day, when he saw the advantage he was gaining; 'why so resolute to ward off my hand, and turn from me thy countenance? Let us be friends.'

'Friends!' cried the faded beauty, 'thou my friend!—thou art my destroyer; and as I once defied thee, so now I fear thee.'

'Vain woman!' murmured her tormentor, 'yet again I warn thee, with thyself it rests whether I prove thy tyrant or thy friend. The time approaches when I must make myself visible to the whole world as thy inseparable companion. Why should we appear as enemies?'

'How,' said she indignantly, 'how canst thou have the hardihood to imagine that I will acknowledge companionship with one who has

worked me such evil? Shame on thee! for the mischief thou hast done to my once raven hair! Out upon thee! for a thief, who art robbing me one by one of my pearly teeth; who hast stolen away the sweetness of my voice, withered my lilies, and faded my roses! Here, overcome with emotion, she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and turning into a secluded path, sought to hide her mortification in the solitude of nature, while Old Age shrugged his shoulders, and followed after, looking very grave and determined.

This short colloquy between Age and waning Beauty took place in some fine pleasure-grounds, to which a large party had resorted to spend the day, and dine in the open air. The cheerful light of a summer sun, flickering through the foliage of the groves, or glancing across the open, grassy slopes, shed lustre on many a fair form, and carried joy to many a youthful heart. Each lovely, laughing girl had her admirer, some companion young and gay as herself; and in merry groups they wandered along the paths, or seated themselves on the turf, beneath the shade of over-hanging boughs. This bright light of day found no corresponding ray within the bosom of the *ci-devant* beauty. The uncomfortable thought possessed her, that it displayed to view her unseemly companion, and therefore had she turned aside, and reproached him so bitterly; and then retired, neglected and disconsolate, into an unfrequented path. Thither, as we have observed, Age followed her, and down they sat together on the first seat that presented itself. This was so placed as to command a view of surpassing beauty, in the contemplation of which, selfish griefs and unworthy complainings might well be forgotten. A sudden opening in the woods revealed the broad river below, with its waters rolling silently onward, like the ceaseless tide of time. Waving woods and yellow corn-fields graced its banks, and here and there some pleasant dwelling reared its white walls among the trees; and in the back-ground a huge bank of blue and misty mountains bounded the view.

Tranquillity stole into the poor lady's heart, as she gazed long and silently on the woods, and hills, and beaming river; and she saw, without repugnance, that Age was still beside her. 'I am here,' said he, with a smile, and drew closer toward her, and she answered mildly: 'Be silent now, Old Age, and let the sweet voices of my youth speak to me in these wild woods, and sparkling waters;' and Age prudently took the hint, and was still. When he spoke again, and said, 'Thou dost not hate me now, while we are alone with nature?', she answered, in a subdued tone: 'Alas! I can resist thee no longer; but oh! thou hast done me cruel wrong!'

'Be wise,' continued he, 'and I will amply repay thee for all I have taken from thee; for know, proud woman, that the same hand which clothed thee with beauty, directed me here to rob thee of thy charms, and fashion thee for the grave.'

'Dost thou lead me to the grave!' said the beauty, with a slight shudder.

'Not yet,' replied he, soothingly; 'but even unto the grave will I reconcile thee, if thou wilt but listen, through me, to the voice of him who sent me.'

'Here I can listen to thee,' said she; 'thy voice chimes in, passing

well, with the sweet melodies of nature. If thou wouldst but leave me to myself, and hush thy mournful croaking in the gay circles of fashion.'

'I cannot leave thee for a moment,' said Age, 'for I tell thee I am sent by one far mightier than I, to fulfil thy destiny here, and prepare thee for the mysteries of thy coming doom. Look upon me, then, as a messenger of love, not of wrath, and thrice happy shall be our communion together.'

It was fortunate for this once beautiful woman, that she had sufficient sense and good feeling to understand every word that Old Age said to her; and had prudence enough, beside, to acknowledge him ever after as a friend; for he proved a sage counsellor, and guided her wisely through the last scenes of life; and during each trial of sickness and infirmity, endued her with resignation, and whispered heavenly consolation to her inmost soul.

He soon persuaded her to throw aside every vain trapping; and then, with his own gentle hand, smoothed her gray hair across her brow, and blended benevolent smiles with the growing wrinkles. Thus, though she was no longer lovely to look upon, she became reconciled to herself, and ceasing to pine for the charms of which Age had divested her, she wrapped herself in a mantle of gray, and quietly descended with him into the vale of years.

STANZAS.

'Oremus ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.'

I.

The body and the mind, by links
More firm than man and wife,
'For better or for worse' are wed,
In bonds that last for life.

II.

Like two ill-coupled hounds, a sad
And snarling pair they start:
Two friends, alas! that can't agree —
Two foes, that cannot part!

III.

This would the noblest game pursue,
And course the lion's track;
But this to filth and garbage stoops,
And pulls his brother back.

IV.

Happy, when both, precisely matched,
In courage, speed, and breath,
Life's course well run, come cheerful in
Together — at the death!

THE NUNS OF THE FRIULI.

'Hell has no fury, like a woman scorned!'

TO THOSE who have surveyed the Alps, rising in all their grandeur one above another, until their peaks are lost in the blue of heaven, the Friuli mountains appear as pigmies to a giant. Yet they possess a magnificence of scenery unexcelled even by their more towering brethren. Here are no wreaths of everlasting snow, nor rocks frowning in naked sublimity; but forests of unfading green crown their summits, and the ruins of many a feudal castle lie scattered amid their darkness. Here, too, Superstition has found a home, and the solemn bell of the convent is reverberated in a thousand echoes. Within its walls, crime has found a refuge, and hapless victims of avarice and ambition weep unheeded, perhaps forgotten, even by those for whom they mourned.

It was late on a dreary evening in the last days of March, that we came in sight of one of these convents, which was situated on a darkly-jutting point of a precipice that overhung the road, whence the eye is first gladly saluted with the bright and flowery plains of Italy, and of the Tagliamento, which glides in mazy wanderings around the base of the mountain, until its pure green waters seem lost in meadows of its own emerald hue. The towers rose proudly, as if in mockery of the fair scene beneath them; as if the Maker of All could not be worshipped amidst the lovely works of his own creation, but must hear the voice of prayer swell up from the rich perfume of altars, surrounded with the factitious pomps of man.

The day had been stormy, and the melting of the winter's snows had so swelled the mountain torrents, that our vetturino declined proceeding farther that night, and we determined to crave hospitality of the inmates of the holy dwelling above us. The road by which we gained the gates, wound circuitously among the rocks, and bore evidence that few visitors ever disturbed the pious meditations of the nuns within. After much difficulty, we were admitted. The bare walls of the parlour, with its scanty and rough furniture, was quite unlike the luxurious decorations of the convents we had visited in the cities. The gentlemen of our party could not gain entrance, but were accommodated in the hut of an old gardener, who appeared almost cœval with the walls of the convent. The portress who attended us, rarely spoke, and seemed fearful even of the sound of her own voice. On our expressing a desire to visit the chapel, and those parts of the interior to which strangers are usually admitted, the consent of the abbess was asked and obtained; and a lay sister ordered to conduct us. Fortunately, she did not prove as taciturn as the portress, but illustrated each chamber with some legend of the olden time. An unnatural gloom pervaded the whole dwelling, and the spectre-like forms of the nuns, seen gliding in the distance, sent a cold shudder over us; and if their voices broke on the silence around, the sound issuing from beneath their dark hoods and veils

was so unearthly, that it seemed we were gazing on the inhabitants of another world.

At last, we gained the chapel. It was simple in its decorations, and derived its greatest interest, in our minds, from the kneeling figures which were here and there discerned, and which might have been almost mistaken for marble, had not the wind occasionally moved the drapery which enshrouded them. A small arched door admitted us into the cemetery, and the fading twilight was just sufficient to enable us to see that the graves were destitute of all needless ornament. A simple stone alone marked out to their friends, if they possessed any who retained an interest in their fate, the spot of their last earthly rest. As we passed two apparently new mounds of earth, which marked a recent vacancy in that holy sisterhood, our guide involuntarily recoiled, and crossed herself with deep devotion. We stooped to read the names, but they gave us no clue to the emotion of our conductress; and when we turned to her for an explanation, she was engaged in fervent prayer. As we passed on, however, she rejoined us, and we ventured to comment, indirectly, upon the emotion she had exhibited. She was silent for some moments, but presently requested us to return to the parlor. Our curiosity was now so much excited, that we again renewed our inquiries concerning those seemingly mysterious graves, when she communicated to us the following story.

‘THE order to which this convent belongs, is unprecedentedly severe; but there were even here two nuns remarkable for the austerity of their lives. Their faces had seldom been seen, and when they were, the beholders regarded one with pity, but turned from the other as from an unholy sight. They were known by the names of Beatrice and Rosalia, and had both been resident here many years. Nothing was known of the causes which first induced them to renounce the world; and if curiosity had ever been awakened concerning them, it had long since slumbered. They held no communion together, and each regarded the other as a stranger; yet still it seemed as if a mysterious tie connected them, which neither could define; and they were oftener seen kneeling side by side, than any other two in the convent.

‘On the attenuated form of the sister Rosalia, sorrow had stamped all the ravages which ‘Time’s effacing finger’ usually accomplishes. The light of her eye was quenched, and the smile that had once beamed on her lip, was fled. Her cheek was deadly pale, and she looked as if waiting with anxiety for the time when she should ‘be called hence.’ But her habitual expression of grief was softened by a natural mildness, which appeared like a ray of sunshine upon a ruin; a remnant of that which once shed gladness on many a heart.

‘Far different were the dark workings of the mind of Sister Beatrice. The remains of beauty, that had been dazzling, still retained their haughty character, and her dark eyes emitted glances which all her penances had failed to soften. The wreck of her charms seemed wrought by some sudden paroxysm of passion, like the bursting of a volcano, which destroys all within its reach. The

repentance that is seated deep within the heart, she had not yet felt; and although she bowed without a murmur to penances from which a sterner form would have shrunk, and was ever ready to inflict more than was exacted, as though outward suffering could efface her crime, yet, placed once more in the world, her unsubdued spirit would probably have again accomplished its work of desolation.

‘But the silence which had so long subsisted between these two sisters, was destined at last to be broken. Beatrice was found one morning lying on the pavement of the chapel, before the image of a saint, to whom she had been offering up her prayer for mercy and pardon. She was utterly senseless, and we conveyed her to her cell, where she soon recovered sufficiently to ask for Rosalia, and to desire to be left alone with her. My capacity of nurse rendered my presence necessary, lest some sudden attack should again overcome her, and I was permitted to remain; for it was apparent that her strength had so rapidly declined, she could not possibly survive much longer. Her voice was faint, yet she exerted herself to tell her tale of horror.

‘Years have we dwelt here,’ she began, ‘yet scarcely has a word been uttered between us; but I have thought, when praying by thy side, that my spirit was absolved from half its sin. I now feel that I shall soon meet the reward due to my crimes; and an irresistible impulse compels me to unfold the cause of my misery. In vain have I confessed. The priest has no power to pardon. In vain have I lacerated my body. I cannot kill the undying worm!’

‘Her voice now became more piercing; her eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, and wandering around her chamber, as if in pursuit of some object seen by herself alone.

‘In sleep I see them!’ she murmured; ‘awake, they are still before me! Soon shall I be even as *ye* are! No!’ she shrieked, ‘not as *ye* are, for *ye were* innocent, and *are* blessed, while I ——’

‘She paused, and turning toward Rosalia, continued: ‘While I have strength, let me reveal to you my dark transgressions. Look!’ said she, throwing back her veil, and ‘see if *ye* can discover the beauty that was once my boast!’

‘Her dark eyes flashed proudly, as she spoke, but the light soon died away, and in the meagre form before us we could scarcely imagine that aught which was lovely had ever there its chosen seat.

‘Many were the suitors that the fame of my wealth and beauty drew around me; but I listened to their love with haughty indifference, and felt a secret pride in the pangs they appeared to suffer. My insensibility to others’ woes has been punished by my own. I too have loved — wildly, *madly* loved!’

‘I was in Venice, surrounded by all that was noble and magnificent. Among those who came to see if report spake true, was one whom no female eye could look upon and not remember. He seemed dazzled with my beauty, and I exerted myself to captivate him. Accustomed to homage, I deemed that I could command it. From him I never received it! In vain I tried the power of music. It could not melt him. The eloquence that had so often charmed others, he regarded with cold indifference. I rallied all my powers, but I could not win him. My accomplishments might have awakened his wonder, but they did not touch his heart. I grew silent and timid

in his presence, and from being the delight of society, I became apparently indifferent to all around me. Alas! it was not indifference! Too great desire to please, had taken from me the power! My books were unopened, my harp untouched, and the chords, as they broke, sounded to my ear the presage of my own dark fate.'

'Driven almost to madness by the intensity of my suffering, I forgot for a moment the dignity of my sex. I knelt — yes,' she continued, a transient crimson flush suffusing her palid countenance, 'I knelt to him, and told him my shame. With a look of mingled pity and scorn, he turned away! Years have passed, yet the memory of THAT LOOK is deep in my heart!'

'I never saw him more. He became a suitor to another — one who was indeed lovely; yet in my pride I never dreamed that she could rival me. Can it be,' said I, 'that for *her* I am scorned, perhaps despised! And shall he, with all a lover's fond ardor,

'Drink the rich fragrance of her breath, and sip
With tenderest touch the roses of her lip.'

while I am cast off with contempt!' The thought was bitterest agony.

Who can paint my emotions, when every one around me spoke of their approaching nuptials? For whole days I was lost to myself and to all who watched beside me; and when I first returned to a sense of my misery, it was to burn with a fire that even now scorches my very heart and brain! Hatred toward all human kind, but above all toward her who had robbed me of all I prized, was my consuming passion. Even he, the loved one, did not escape. All my thoughts were directed to one object, and that was VENGEANCE! With a gasp that seemed her last, she added, 'And I have HAD it! The bridegroom and the bride sleep in the same cold grave!'

'No, not both!' shrieked Rosalia, 'for I am here! The cup was death to him alone!'

'BEATRICE never recovered the shock of that moment, and Rosalia did not long survive the destroyer of her happiness. Two stones mark the spot where the victim and the murderess sleep side by side; and many are the prayers offered up by our holy sisterhood for their salvation.'

W.

SAYINGS

OF PERIANDER, OF CORINTH.

IN the full course of things, when understood,
The useful never differs from the good:
To grow in wealth, though fair the face it wears,
Is often nothing but to grow in cares.
To wish for death, is mean in any ill,
But to fear death, I trow, is meaner still.
So rule your spirit, that in fortune's strait,
A ready will may yield with ease to fate;
If, armed with power, you stand all men above,
Be prudent — power can never win true love.
If fortune smiles, be not with greatness drunk,
If fortune frowns, be not in sadness sunk.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ADDRESS, DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, OF SOUTH CAROLINA, ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY. By B. R. CARROLL, Esq. pp. 27. Charleston: THOS. J. ECCLES.

MR. CARROLL is a young writer of South Carolina, of good talents and rising reputation. He is known to us as the editor of the 'Historical Collections' of that state, a valuable work, in two large volumes, to which we have before briefly alluded. He has recently become one of the editors of the 'Southern Literary Journal,' a monthly work published in Charleston, the contents of which are highly creditable to the well known taste and talent of that city. Descended from Irish parents, he has lately been chosen the anniversary orator of one of the national societies, so frequent among our adopted citizens, and the fruit of his appointment is the little pamphlet before us. Apart from a certain looseness of style, which the author would do well to amend, there is much in this performance that is highly creditable to his mind and feelings. He speaks boldly in reference to sundry topics much mooted among us of late days, particularly those which regard the morals, the usefulness, and the sense of national responsibility, among our adopted citizens. It is needless to say, that he takes the side of the stranger. A glowing picture of the past condition of Ireland, before that union to which the ultra patriot of Green Erin ascribes the loss of the national liberties, opens the performance. Then follows a rapid transition to the melancholy and degraded condition of her people now. Allowing freely for the rhetorical coloring, which is fairly the privilege of modern oratory, there is no doubt much truth in the two pictures, and as little doubt of the gloomy contrast. This contrast accounts for the self-exile of the emigrant, whom an intense feeling of oppression, and the love of liberty alone, prompt to a flight from the familiar places and the sweet affections of his birth-place. Assuming this to be the cause, the leading cause, of emigration, the inference is fair, that such a people cannot be any where the foes of conscience and of liberty. Such is our orator's conclusion; though in one passage of his address, which refers to the United Provinces of Holland, he admits that 'the persecuted were not long in learning how to become the most relentless persecutors.' For a similar transition, we may also make free to refer the reader and the orator to the abuse of power on the part of our puritan ancestry, when the object was to effect the flexibility of a Quaker's conscience or a witch's muscles. 'But you,' exclaims the orator, in a direct apostrophe, 'you who have come hither to enjoy the freedom of our institutions and to perpetuate them, is it possible that you, permitted to enter the edifice which you watched from afar, to behold its excellencies and enjoy its hospitality, should lay desecrating hands upon one fragment to displace it!' He answers the question for his hearers, and denies the possibility that they should be so mad as to pluck down the asylum which has given, and must long give them, a shelter and a home. 'To assume,' says he, 'that the foreigner will feel less love for our institutions than the native, is to assume that he is not properly alive to his own interest.'

Surely, and yet this does not place the question altogether before us. The point made by those who are opposed to the indiscriminate freedom of our institutions, is, that it is not so easy a matter for the stranger to know what these institutions are, for a considerable length of time; it is doubtful, indeed, whether the great mass of our own people know them. Much of our security depends rather upon the *feeling* of country, than the *knowledge* of it; but even here we are met by our orator with a large claim for the emigrant. 'If,' says he, 'a picture of the feelings of the emigrant toward our country were drawn, it would perhaps appear that his admiration for our system of liberty is even more intense than that of the native himself.' This is scarcely to be admitted; although, it may be said here, that it is not the admiration of a system which constitutes the love of the citizen for his country, but his love of home, and his devout obedience to the *genius loci*. 'Doomed,' continues Mr. CARROLL, 'to a heartless tyranny at home, the emigrant looks to our country as to the place of his disenthralment. His imagination, aided by our own boast, represents it to him as a land freest among the free; where man has no superior but the God who made him, and no voice to control him, but the voice of the people.' This is all very good, but unfortunately, like the hapless hero of one of Moore's lively lyrics, this voice has sometimes 'two tones;' nay, we are moderate; we may safely say two dozen. 'In a word,' proceeds the orator, 'he looks to our country as did the old voyagers in their dreams of poetry, as a land where eternal sunshine is ever playing over fountains of immortal waters,' and 'where man stands forth in the free image of his Maker.'

"With his feelings thus heightened, he contemplates our institutions with a longing desire to enjoy them; and before he has even tasted of their perfections, he becomes an ardent patriot in his devotions. Striking as appeared the picture when afar off, he is no less delighted with it, when himself placed in the foreground. What before he may have doubted, becomes a palpable reality. He is not only a witness of, but he participates in, the first successful experiment of a government founded on the popular will. He looks around for a privileged, hereditary class, and while he possesses virtue and honesty, he can find none more worthy than himself," etc.

In answer to the imputation of ignorance, as made generally against the Irish emigrant, and the opinion that, under the guidance of the artful and designing, he will pull down the proud edifice which has won him from afar, the orator answers thus, not conclusively, we think, though speciously:

"If this position were true, it would only prove, that there is in our institutions no intrinsic excellence; that they stand not by their own power, but need adventitious circumstances to uphold them. If the bondsman who has been manacled and oppressed, cannot love the hand which unlooses his chains, and leads him forth to the enjoyment of freedom; if he will turn from his liberator, and still remain in thalldrom, then there is no innate love of liberty in our nature, and the system which rests upon the assumption, is all a splendid failure. Liberty is essentially a feeling; education may have much to do with it; but, it can no more control it, than covering the sun under a cloud, will for ever obscure its illumination. It is not within man's nature to love oppression; and it is in the full operation of this truth, that we may look with confidence to the continual preservation of our institutions."

Perhaps so, and we hope so; and when the writer afterward discourses upon the advantage and the necessity of his education, we are almost tempted fully to agree with him. Man's nature is a very good thing, when you can find it; but it is seldom, now-a-days, that we happen upon a man in a state of nature, and we are apt to take to our heels when we do. Society claps us in moulds and fetters, the very moment we emerge into the light. To another charge against the Irish emigrant, in particular, the orator proceeds:

"It is charged as a great and crying evil, that 'their people are daily overflowing our country with their numbers; that they come in hordes, only to spread their ignorance and poverty over our land, and that, if some check is not put to their emigration among

us, that our institutions must sink under the preponderating weight of their influence.' This is the language of high and respectable authority. The charges contained in it are strong ones, and are believed, by many of our well-disposed citizens, to import much truth. If permitted to remain unrefuted, the direct operation will be, the creation among us of political sectarianism, with which must inevitably follow that worst of popular curses, *the oppression of conscience*. Suppose not that this right may be controlled by laws alone. Public opinion is a greater despot still; and a sect or people may suffer more hardships from the bigotry of their opponents, than all the severity which laws might impose. All the persecutions which the world has ever known, have originated in some similar misdirection of popular opinion. Prejudices are first created individually; imperceptibly they creep into sects; sects grow into parties; and parties, under the influence of uncontrolled feeling, have created revolutions, which have pulled down some of the fairest institutions of liberty. It was such a feeling, which condemned to the hemlock the wisest and most amiable philosopher of Athens; that expatriated the most just among her citizens; that banished from home her best men; that condemned Galileo to the dungeon; that sent Castalio into exile, and exhibited itself in the shocking sacrifice of Servetus. It was this feeling, in a word, which, under the influence of sectarian bigotry, has equally disgraced religion and politics, in most parts of the world. The encouragement of such a feeling, let it come from whatever source, is eminently dangerous, and it becomes the duty of every citizen to check it in its very incipience."

These passages will give the reader some idea of a performance which grapples with several difficult topics, and if it does not master them entirely, at least shows the ability to guide to the proper sources of reflection and analysis. It gives a sufficient clue for the pursuit of others interested in the discussion. We could have wished that the proof-reader had been more heedful of his duty, and that the printer had given us a better specimen of that labor, which, in the progress of the address, the orator compliments so highly.

PROBUS: OR ROME IN THE THIRD CENTURY. In Letters of LUCIUS M. PISO, from Rome, to FAUSTA, the Daughter of GRACCHUS, at Palmyra. By the Author of the 'Palmyra Letters.' In two volumes. pp. 507. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS. Boston: JOSEPH H. FRANCIS.

We shall occupy but little space in comments upon the merits of a work from the pen of the author of the 'Palmyra Letters,' and the 'Letters from Rome.' None know better than the readers of this Magazine, that such a labor must needs be one of supererogation. To the somewhat formidable conspirators against clear style, however, who are vending German transcendentalisms, and wordy verbosity, in certain quarters of this good republic, we would especially commend these volumes, for their propriety and terseness of diction, and their brilliant delineation of human passions and feelings, of art and external nature, unaided by extravagance and affectation, or cumbrous and misplaced description; and to all we would commend them, for the condensation of history which they contain, the exquisite moral tact exhibited by the author, and the exciting incidents and fine episodes which are liberally scattered throughout the work.

In the 'Letters from Rome,' our readers have already accompanied Piso to the dedication of the Temple of the Sun, and have seen, in the events which preceded, as well as those which took place at, that ceremony — in the course and counsels of Fronto and the Prefect Varus, acting upon the mind of the Emperor Aurelian — the foreshadowing of that persecution which was poured out upon the Christians in the third century. The advancing spirit of the time is well portrayed in an incident narrated in the letter next succeeding the one in our last number. Milo is describing to Piso the public games:

"All I know is what I witnessed toward the end of the sport. Never before did I behold such a form, nor such feats of strength! He was another Hercules. It was

rumored he was from the forests of Germany. If you will believe it, which I scarce can, though I saw it, he fought successively with six of Sosia's best men, and one after another, laid them all sprawling. A seventh was then set upon him, he having no time to breathe, or even drink. Many, however, cried out against this. But Romans, you know, like not to have their fun spoiled, so the seventh was not taken off. As every one foresaw, this was too much, by just one, for the hero; but he fought desperately, and it is believed Sosia's man got pushed he will never recover from. He was soon, however, on his knees, and then on his back, the sword of his antagonist at his throat, he lying like a gasping fish, at his mercy — who waited the pleasure of the spectators a moment, before he struck. Then was there a great shouting all over the theatre in his behalf, besides making the sign to spare him. But just at the moment, as for him ill fortune would have it, some poltroon cried out, with a voice that went all over the theatre, 'The dog is a Christian!' Whereupon like lightning every thumb went up, and down plunged the sword into his neck. So, master, thou seest what I tell thee every day, there is small virtue in being a Christian. It is every way dangerous. If a thief runs through the streets, the cry is, a Christian! a Christian! If a man is murdered, they who did it accuse some neighboring Christian, and he dies for it. If a Christian fall into the Tiber, men look on as on a drowning dog. If he slip or fall in a crowd, they will help trample him to death. If he is sick or poor, none but his own tribe will help him. Even the Jew despises him, and spits upon his gown as he passes. What but the love of contempt and death can make one a Christian, 'tis hard to see. Had that captive been other than a Christian, he would not have fallen as he did."

Passing that portion of the narrative — the whole in perfect keeping, and the most natural order — wherein, among other things, are recorded the dialogues between Fronto and Aurelian, in which the former quickens the almost blunted purpose of the latter; the beautiful religious experience of Piso, and the thickening events portending the direst consequences to the Christians; we come to the first momentous act in the sad drama that was to ensue. The emperor, as an earnest of his cruel designs, has given up his daughter Aurelia to death. Isaac the Jew, who has come to warn Piso and his friends to flee to Palmyra, thus answers a trembling question of the Princess Julia:

"I can tell you, what is known as yet not beyond the emperor's palace, and the priest's, Aurelia is dead!"

"Sport not with us, Isaac."

"I tell you, Piso, the simple truth. Aurelia has paid with her life for her faith. I know it from more than one whose knowledge in the matter is good as sight. It was in the dungeons of the Fabrician bridge, that she was dealt with by Fronto, the priest of Apollo."

"Aurelian then," said Julia, "has thrust his sickle into another field of slaughter, and will not draw it out till he swims in Christian blood, as once before in Syria. God help these poor souls! What, Isaac, was the manner of her death, if you have heard so much?"

"I have heard only," replied Isaac, "that after long endeavor on the part of Aurelian and the priest to draw her from her faith, while yet at the palace, she was conveyed to the prisons I have named, and there given over to Fronto and the executioners, with this only restriction, that if neither threats, nor persuasions, nor the horrid array of engines, could bend her, then should she be beheaded without either scourging or torture. And so it was done. She wept, 'tis said, as it were without ceasing, from the time she left the gardens; but to the priest would answer never a word to all his threats, entreaties, nor promises; except once, when that wicked minister said to her, 'that except she in reality and truth would curse Christ and sacrifice, he would report that she had done so, and so liberate her and return her to the palace;' at which, 'tis said, that on the instant her tears ceased, her eyes flashed lightning, and with a voice, which took the terrific tones of Aurelian himself, she said, 'I dare thee to it, base priest! Aurelian is an honorable man — though cruel as the grave — and my simple word, which never yet he doubted, would weigh more than oaths from thee, though piled to heaven! Do thy worst then, quick!' Whereupon the priest, white with wrath, first sprang toward her as if he had been a beast set to devour her, drawing at the same moment a knife from his robes; but others being there, he stopped, and cried to the executioner to do his work — raving that he had it not in his power first to torment her. Aurelia was then instantly beheaded."

"We were silent as he ended, Julia dissolved in tears. Isaac went on."

"This is great testimony, Piso, which is borne to thy faith. A poor, weak girl, alone, with not one to look on and encourage, in such a place, and in the clutches of such a hard-hearted wretch — to die without once yielding to her fears or the weakness of her tender nature — it is a thing hardly to be believed, and full of pity."

A touching domestic episode in the life of the benevolent Isaac, succeeds, which we had placed in type, but are compelled to omit. The scene wherein the plain-spoken yet over-zealous Christian, Macer, addresses the Roman populace, fiercely bearding the opposers of his creed, and denouncing their evil ways, cannot be divided. It is scarcely exceeded, in spirit and vividness, by the admirable portraits of this unflinching martyr, and his family, drawn by Piso, during a visit paid in company with Probus, to his secluded dwelling amidst the ruins of the magnificent baths of the early Romans. In the succeeding letter, Piso obtains an interview with Aurelian, from whom he learns that his designs toward the Christians, strengthened by the counsels of the tyrant-priest, Fronto, are far darker than they had been represented. Speaking of his departed mother, in her life a priestess of Apollo, the emperor says:

"More than once, while this work has been achieving, has the form of my revered parent, beautiful in the dazzling robes of her office, stood by my bed's side—whether in dream, or in vision, or in actual presence, I cannot tell—and blessed me for my pious enterprise. 'The gods be thanked,' the lips have said, or seemed to say, 'that thy youth lasts not always, but that age has come, and with it second childhood in thy reverence of the gods, whose worship it was mine to put into thy infant heart. Go on thy way, my son! Build up the fallen altars of the gods, and lay low the aspiring fanes of the wicked.' Finish what thou hast begun, and all time shall pronounce thee greatest of the great.' Should I disobey the warning? The gods forbid! and save me from such impiety. I am now, Piso, doubly armed for the work I have taken in hand—first by the zeal of the pious Fronto, and second, by the manifest finger of Heaven pointing the way I should go. And, please the gods! I will enter upon it, and it shall not be for want of a determined will, and of eyes too used to the shedding of blood to be frightened now though an ocean-full were spilled before them, if this race be not utterly swept from the face of the earth, from the suckling to the silver head, from the beggar to the prince, and from Rome all around to the four winds, as far as her almighty arms can reach."

Knowing the character of Aurelian—that once threatening, he never held back his hand—Piso is filled with the greatest consternation. At his earnest solicitation, however, the emperor consents to hear what the Christians may have to say in their own defence, at the same time declaring, that 'it can avail them no more than words uttered in the breath of the tempest that is raging up from the north.' He had just been greatly exasperated by Macer, whom he had encountered in the street, holding forth to the populace, and who had not hesitated to give the royal persecutor a lick with the rough side of his tongue, denouncing sudden vengeance against him, 'from the presence of the Lord.' Soon after this interview with Aurelian, that monarch issues an edict forbidding the Christians to assemble together in their houses of worship, or in the streets instead, and enjoining upon them to renounce at once their errors of doctrine. Their places of worship being thus closed, these persecuted followers of the Saviour, after communicating with each other, assemble secretly in a vast circular apartment, among the ruins where the dwelling of Macer is situated, partly below and partly above the surface of the ground, of massy walls, without windows, remote from the streets, and so surrounded by fallen walls and rubbish, as to be wholly buried from the sight. Thither, on the first meeting of the Christians after the decree of Aurelian, Piso repairs:

"I took my way under cover of a night without star or moon, and doubly dark by reason of clouds that hung black and low, to the appointed place of assembly. The cold winds of autumn were driving in fitful blasts through the streets, striking a chill into the soul as well as the body. They seemed ominous of that black and bitter storm that was even now beginning to break in sorrow and death upon the followers of Christ. Before I reached the ruins, the rain fell in heavy drops, and the wind was rising and swelling into a tempest. It seemed to me, in the frame I was then in, better than a calm. It was moreover a wall of defence against such as might be disposed to track and betray us.

"Entering by the door of Macer's cell, I passed through many dark and narrow apartments, following the noise of the steps of some who were going before me, till at

length I emerged into the vaulted hall spoken of by Macer. It was lofty and spacious, and already filled with figures of men and women, whom the dim light of a few lamps, placed upon the fragments of the fallen architecture, just enabled me to discern, and distinguish from the masses of marble and broken columns which strewed the interior, and which, when they afforded a secure footing, were covered with the assembled worshippers. The footsteps of those who were the last to enter, soon died away upon the ear, and deep silence ensued, unbroken by any sound save that of the sighs and weeping of such as could not restrain their feelings."

The services are opened by prayer, from Probus, and a chant, which 'swelled upward in a burst of melody,' notwithstanding the timid counsel of some, that no hymn nor chant should be sung, because the Roman watch was abroad, and their ears might catch the sound, even above the raging of the storm. The solemn silence which fell upon the audience, after the hymn was concluded, was broken by the voice of Probus:

"He held up before them the great examples of those who, in the earlier ages of the church, had offered themselves as sacrifices upon the same altar upon which the great head of the Christians had laid down his life. He made it apparent how it ever had been, through suffering of some kind on the part of some, that great benefits had been conferred upon mankind; that they who would be benefactors of their race, must be willing cheerfully to bear the evil and suffering that in so great part constitutes that office; and was it not a small thing to suffer, and that in the body only, and but for a moment, if by such means great and permanent blessings to the souls of men might be secured, and remotest ages of the world made to rejoice and flourish through the effects of their labors? Every day of their worship, they were accustomed to hear sung or recited the praises of those who had died for Christ and truth; men of whom the world was not worthy, and who, beautiful with the crown of martyrdom, were now of that glorious company who in the presence of God were chanting the praises of God and the Lamb. Who was not ready to die, if it was so ordained, if by such death truth could be transmitted to other ages? What was it to die to-day rather than to-morrow — for that was all — or this year rather than the next, if one's death could be made subservient to the great cause of Christ and his gospel? What was it to die by the sword of a Roman executioner, or even to be torn by wild beasts, if by suffering so the soul became allied to reformers and benefactors of all ages? And beside, what evil, after all, was it in the power of their enemies to inflict? They could do no more than torment and destroy the body. They could not touch nor harm the soul. By the infliction of death itself, they did but hasten the moment when they should stand clothed in shining garments in the presence of the Father. The time has come, Christians, he then said, when in the providence of God you are called upon to be witnesses of the faith which you profess in Christ. After many years of calm, a storm has arisen which begins already to be felt in the violence with which it beats upon our heads. Almost ever since the reign of Decius, have we possessed our borders in quietness. * * * I dare not say, Christians, that the calamity which now impends, is a judgment of God upon our corruptions; we know not what events are of a judicial character; they have upon them no signature which marks them as such; but this we may say, that it will be no calamity, but a benefit and a blessing rather, if it have the effect to show us our errors, and cause us to retrace our steps. Aurelian, enemy though we call him, may prove our benefactor; he may scourge us; but the sufferings he inflicts may bring healing along with them, being that very medicine which the sick soul needs. Let us meet then, this new and heavy trial, as a part of the providence of God, as a part of that mysterious plan — the lines of which are in so great part hidden from our eyes — by which he educates his children for eternity, and at the same time, and by the same means, prepares and transmits to future generations the richest blessings. If we, Christians, suffer for the cause of truth and God, let us be cheered by the thought that by our sufferings our children and children's children are made to inherit that truth, and brought into the family of God. If our blood is poured out like water, let us remember that it serves to fertilize that soil out of which divine nutriment shall grow for generations yet unborn, whom it shall nourish up unto eternal life. Let your hearts then be strong within you; faint not, nor fear; God will be with you, and his Spirit comfort you.

"But why do I say these things? Why do I exhort you to courage? For when was it known that the followers of Christ shrunk from the path of duty, though it were evidently the path of death? When and in what age have those been wanting who should bear witness to the truth, and seal it with their blood? There have been those who in time of persecution have fallen away — but for one apostate there have been a thousand martyrs. We have been, I may rather affirm, too prodigal of life — too lavish of our blood. There has been, in former ages, not only a willingness, a readiness to die for Christ, but an eagerness. Christians have not waited to be searched for and found

by the ministers of Roman power; they have thrust themselves forward; they have gone up of their own accord to the tribunal and proclaimed their faith, and invited the death at which nature trembles and revolts. * * * Ye need not, ye ought not, impatiently seek for the rack and the cross. It is enough if, when sought and found, and arraigned, you be found faithful; if then you deny not nor renounce your Lord, but glory in your name, and with your dying breath shout it forth as that for which you gladly encounter torture and death. Go not forth, then, seeking the martyr's crown! Wait till you are called. God knoweth, and he alone, whom he would have to glorify him by that death which is so much more to be coveted than life."

The events which took place immediately after the meeting of the Christians, are recorded by Nichomachus, who was unable to find among the papers of his master, Piso, any account of them. Walking through the city soon after, saluted, on all sides, by language the most cruel and ferocious, he says:

"I paused among other curious and busy idlers, at the door of a smith's shop, which as I passed slowly by presented a striking view of a vast and almost boundless interior, blazing with innumerable fires, about which laborers half naked — and seeming as if fire themselves, from the reflection from their steaming bodies of the red glare of the furnaces — stood in groups, some drawing forth the bars of heated metal and holding them, while others wielding their cyclopean hammers, made the anvils and the vast interior ring with the blows they gave. All around the outside of the shop, and in separate places within, stood the implements and machines of various kinds which were either made, or were in the process of being put together. Those whom I joined were just within the principal entrance, looking upon a fabric of iron, consisting of a complicated array of wheels and pulleys, to which the workmen were just in the act of adding the last pieces. The master of the place now approaching and standing with us, while he gave diverse orders to the men, I said to him:

"What new device may this be? The times labor with new contrivances by which to assist the laborer in his art, and cause iron to do what the arm has been accustomed to perform. But after observing this with care, I can make nothing of it."

"The master looked at me with a slighting expression of countenance, as much as to say, 'you are a wise one! You must just have emerged from the mountains of Helvetia, or the forests of the Danube.' But he did not content himself with looks.

"This, sir?" said he. "This, if you would know it, is a rack — a common instrument of torture — used in all the prisons of the empire, the use of which is to extract truth from one who is unwilling to speak except compelled; or, sometimes when death is thought too slight a punishment, to give it an edge with, just as salt and pepper are thrown into a fresh wound. Some crimes, you must know, were too softly dealt with, were a sharp axe the only instrument employed: Cæsar! just bring some wires of a good thickness, and we will try this. Now shall you see precisely how it would fare with your own body, were you on this iron frame, and Varus standing where I am. There, the body you perceive is confined in this manner. You observe there can be no escape and no motion. Now at the word of the judge, this crank is turned. Do you see the effect upon the wire? Imagine it your body, and you will have a lively idea of the instrument. Then at another wink or word from Varus, these are turned, and you see that another part of the body, the legs, or arms, as it may be, are subjected to the same force as this wire, which as the fellow keeps turning, you see — strains, and straightens, and strains, till — crack! — there! — that is what we call a rack. A most ingenious contrivance, and of great use. This is going up within the hour to the hall of the prefect."

"It seems," I remarked, "well contrived indeed for its object. And what," I asked, "are these which stand here? Are they for the same or a similar purpose?"

"Yes — these, sir, are different, and yet the same. They are all for purposes of torture, but they vary infinitely in the ingenuity with which they severally inflict pain and death. That is esteemed in Rome the most perfect instrument which, while it inflicts the most exquisite torments, shall at the same time not assail that which is a vital part, but, you observe, prolong life to the utmost. Some of an old-fashioned structure, with a clumsy and bungling machinery — here are some sent to me as useless — long before the truth could be extracted, or much more pain inflicted than would accompany beheading, destroyed the life of the victim. Those which I build — and I build for the state — are not to be complained of in that way. Varus is curious enough, I can assure you, in such things. All these that you see here, of whatever form or make, are for him and the hall of justice."

These instruments of torture were to force into subjection refractory dissenters from the religion of the gods of Rome. Nichomachus is suddenly interrupted by a rush and tumult in the street. A crowd 'heaving to and fro like the fiery mass of a

boiling crater,' are bearing Macer violently away, who, after eloquently addressing the multitude, is ultimately conveyed to the tribunal of Varus. A scene, second to none from the pen of our author, ensues, wherein Varus endeavors to seduce the Christian from his faith, through fear of the torture which awaits him. But, with an eloquence that reaches the sublime, Macer defends his religion, and remains firm. The rack is put in requisition:

"As Varus ended, at a sign and a word from 'him, what seemed the solid wall of the room in which we were, suddenly flew up upon its screaming pulleys, and revealed another apartment black as night, save here and there where a dull torch shed just light enough to show its great extent, and set in horrid array before us engines of every kind for tormenting criminals, each attended by its half-naked minister, ready at a moment's warning to bind the victim, and put in motion the infernal machinery. At this sight, a sudden faintness overspread my limbs, and I would willingly have rushed from the hall, but it was then made impossible.

"Unmoved and unresisting, his face neither pale nor his limbs trembling, did Macer surrender himself into the hands of those horrid ministers of a cruel and bloody superstition, who then hastily approached him, and seizing him, dragged him toward their worse than hell. Accomplished in their art, for every day is it put to use, Macer was in a moment thrown down and lashed to the iron bars; when each demon, having completed the preparation, stood leaning upon his wheel, for a last sign from the Prefect. It was instantly given, and while the breath even of every being in the vast hall was suspended, through an intense interest in the scene, the creaking of the engine, as it began to turn, sounded upon the brain like thunder. Not a groan nor a sigh was heard from the sufferer. The engine turned till it seemed as if any body or substance laid upon it must have been wrenched asunder. Then it stopped. And the minutes counted to me like hours or ages, ere the word was given, and the wheels unrestrained, flew back again to their places. Macer was then unbound. He at first lay where he was thrown upon the pavement. But his life was yet strong within his iron frame. He rose upon his feet, and was again led to the presence of his judges. His eye had lost nothing of its wild fire, nor his air any thing of its lofty independence."

We are compelled to refer the reader, for the exciting scenes which follow, to the volumes themselves. Suffice it to say, that another rack, of a different construction and greater power, with other new instruments of torture, are fruitless in shaking the firm purpose of the martyr. He is true to the faith that is in him, to the last moment of keenest agony. His body is given to the crowd, who thrust hooks into it, and drag it forth into the street. The mob repair to the martyr's house, which is razed to the ground, his sons murdered on the spot, and his wife and daughters dragged to the place of games, and thrown to 'blood-hounds fiercer than the fiercest beasts of the forest,' who leave of them nothing but a heap of mangled bones.

Following these scenes — which are sketched with a powerful hand, and thrill through the heart of the reader like some of the more graphic pictures of Scott — is the hearing of Probus, in defence of his religion, in the banqueting hall of the imperial palace of Aurelian. The *locale* is drawn with the eye of a painter, and the defence is indeed a master-piece of eloquent argument and impassioned language. The whole, however, is quite too long to extract, nor can any portion of it be segregated, to advantage. Powerful as was this 'defence of the faith,' and many as were the friendly hearers upon whom it fell, Aurelian, supreme and omnipotent, remains firmly rooted in his purposes of blood. Other edicts are issued, declaring the Christians enemies of the state and of the gods, and enjoining upon all good citizens to inform against them, that they may be carried before the Prefect. Their houses are every where assailed, and their bodies incarcerated in prisons, to be dragged before summary and barbarous judges. Among them is the Christian Probus, who, although condemned to be thrown to wild beasts, patiently bides his time, grieving only that he has not been better able to serve his heavenly Master. 'Am I,' says he, to the Princess Julia, who visits him in prison:

"Am I worthy? Have I wrought well my appointed task? Have I kept the faith? And is God my friend, and Jesus my Saviour? These are the thoughts that engross

and fill the mind. It is busy with the past—and with itself. It has no thoughts to spare upon suffering and death—it has no doubts or fears to remove concerning immortality. The future life, to me, stands out in the same certainty as the present. Death is but the moment which connects the two. You say well, that at such an hour as this, the mind can scarce possess itself in perfect peace. Yet is it agitated by nothing that resembles fear. It is the agitation that must necessarily have place in the mind of one to whom a great trust has been committed for a long series of years, at that moment when he comes to surrender it up to him from whom it was received. I have lived many years. Ten thousand opportunities of doing good to myself and others have been set before me. The world has been a wide field of action and labor, where I have been required to sow and till against the future harvest. Must I not experience solicitude about the acts and the thoughts of so long a career? I may often have erred; I must often have stood idly by the wayside; I must many times have been neglectful, and forgetful, and wilful; I must often have sinned; and it is not all the expected glory of another life, nor all the honor of dying in the cause of Christ, nor all the triumph of a martyr's fate, that can or ought to stifle and overlay such thoughts. Still I am happy. Happy, not because I am in my own view worthy or perfect, but because through Jesus Christ I am taught, in God, to see a Father. I know that in him I shall find both a just and a merciful judge; and in him who was tempted even as we are, who was of our nature and exposed to our trials, shall I find an advocate and intercessor such as the soul needs. So that, if anxious, as he who is human and fallible must ever be, I am nevertheless happy and contented. My voyage is ended; the ocean of life is passed; and I stand by the shore, with joyful expectations of the word that shall bid me land, and enter into the haven of my rest.

“As Probus ended these words, a low and deep murmur, or distant rumbling, as of thunder, caught our ears, which, as we listened, suddenly increased to a terrific roar of lions, as it were directly under our feet. We instinctively sprang from where we sat, but were quieted at once by Probus:

“‘There is no danger,’ said he; ‘they are not within our apartment, nor very near us. They are a company of Rome’s executioners, kept in subterranean dungeons, and fed with prisoners whom her mercy consigns to them. Sounds more horrid yet have met my ears, and may yours. Yet I hope not.’

“But while he yet spoke, the distant shrieks of those who were thrust toward the den, into which from a high ledge they were to be flung headlong, were borne to us, accompanied by the oaths and lashes of such as drove them, but were immediately drowned by the louder roaring of the imprisoned beasts, as they fell upon and fought for their prey. We sat mute, and trembling with horror, till those sounds at length ceased to reverberate through the aisles and arches of the building.

“‘O Rome!’ cried Probus, when they had died away, ‘how art thou drunk with blood! Crazed by ambition, drunk with blood, drowned in sin, hardened as a millstone against all who come to thee for good, how shalt thou be redeemed? Where is the power to save thee?’

“‘It is in thee!’ said Julia. ‘It is thy blood, Probus, and that of these multitudes who suffer with thee, that shall have power to redeem Rome and the world.’”

Varus seeks him in his cell, and employs all his arts to win him from his destiny, but without avail. The day of his last trial arrives, and he is led to the vivaria for execution. This event is thus described by Piso:

“I had waited not long when, from beneath that extremity of the theatre where I was sitting, Probus was led forth and conducted to the centre of the arena, where was a short pillar to which it was customary to bind the sufferers. Probus, as he entered, seemed rather like one who came to witness what was there, than to be himself the victim, so free was his step, so erect his form. In his face there might indeed be seen an expression, that could only dwell on the countenance of one whose spirit was already gone beyond the earth, and holding converse with things unseen. There is always much of this in the serene, uplifted face of this remarkable man; but it was now there written in lines so bold and deep, that there could have been few in that vast assembly but must have been impressed by it, as never before by aught human. It must have been this, which brought so deep a silence upon that great multitude—not the mere fact that an individual was about to be torn by lions—that is an almost daily pastime. For it was so, that when he first made his appearance, and as he moved toward the centre, turned and looked round upon the crowded seats rising to the heavens, the people neither moved nor spoke, but kept their eyes fastened upon him as by some spell which they could not break.

“When he had reached the pillar, and he who had conducted him was about to bind him to it, it was plain, by what at that distance we could observe, that Probus was entreating him to desist and leave him at liberty; in which he at length succeeded, for that person returned, leaving him alone and unbound. O, sight of misery!—he who

for the humblest there present would have performed any office of love, by which the least good should redound to them, left alone and defenceless, they looking on and scarcely pitying his cruel fate! When now he had stood there not many minutes, one of the doors of the vivaria was suddenly thrown back, and bounding forth with a roar that seemed to shake the walls of the theatre, a lion of huge dimensions leaped upon the arena. Majesty and power were inscribed upon his lordly limbs; and as he stood there where he had first sprung, and looked round upon the multitude, how did his gentle eye and noble carriage, with which no one for a moment could associate meanness, or cruelty, or revenge, cast shame upon the human monsters assembled to behold a solitary, unarmed man, torn limb from limb! When he had in this way looked upon that cloud of faces, he then turned and moved round the arena, through its whole circumference, still looking upward upon those who filled the seats—not till he had come again to the point from which he started, so much as noticing him who stood, his victim, in the midst. Then—as if apparently for the first time becoming conscious of his presence—he caught the form of Probus; and moving slowly toward him, looked steadfastly upon him, receiving in return the settled gaze of the Christian. Standing there still awhile—each looking upon the other—he then walked round him, then approached nearer, making suddenly, and for a moment, those motions which indicate the roused appetite; but, as it were in the spirit of self-rebuke, he immediately retreated a few paces and lay down in the sand, stretching out his head toward Probus, and closing his eyes as if for sleep.

“The people, who had watched in silence, and with the interest of those who wait for their entertainment, were both amazed and vexed, at what now appeared to be the dullness and stupidity of the beast. When however, he moved not from his place, but seemed as if he were indeed about to fall into a quiet sleep, those who occupied the lower seats began both to cry out to him, and shake at him their caps, and toss about their arms, in the hope to rouse him. But it was all in vain; and at the command of the Emperor, he was driven back to his den.

“Again a door of the vivaria was thrown open, and another of equal size, but of a more alert and rapid step, broke forth, and, as if delighted with his sudden liberty and the ample range, coursed round and round the arena, wholly regardless both of the people and of Probus, intent only, as it seemed, upon his own amusement. And when at length he discovered Probus standing in his place, it was but to bound toward him as in frolic, and then wheel away in pursuit of a pleasure he esteemed more highly than the satisfying of his hunger. At this, the people were not a little astonished, and many who were near me, hesitated not to say, ‘that there might be some design of the gods in this.’ Others said, plainly, but not with raised voices, ‘An omen! an omen!’ At the same time, Isaac turned and looked at me with an expression of countenance, which I could not interpret. Aurelian, meanwhile, exhibited many signs of impatience; and when it was evident the animal could not be wrought up, either by the cries of the people or of the keepers, to any act of violence, he too was taken away. But when a third had been let loose, and with no better effect, nay, with less—for he, when he had at length approached Probus, fawned upon him and laid himself at his feet—the people, superstitious as you know beyond any others, now cried out aloud, ‘An omen! an omen!’ and made the sign that Probus should bespared and removed. Aurelian himself seemed almost of the same mind, and I can hardly doubt would have ordered him to be released, but that Fronto at that moment approached him, and by a few of those words which, coming from him, are received by Aurelian as messages from Heaven, put within him a new and different mind; for rising quickly from his seat, he ordered the keeper of the vivaria to be brought before him. When he appeared below upon the sands, Aurelian cried out to him:

“‘Why, knave, dost thou weary out our patience thus—letting forth beasts already over-fed? Do thus again, and thou thyself shall be thrown to them. Art thou too a Christian?’

“‘Great Emperor,’ replied the keeper, ‘than those I have now let loose, there are not larger nor fiercer in the imperial dens, and since the sixth hour of yesterday they have tasted nor food nor drink. Why they have thus put off their nature, ’tis hard to guess, unless the general cry be taken for the truth, ‘that the gods have touched them.’

“Aurelian was again seen to waver, when a voice from the benches cried out,

“‘It is, O Emperor, but another Christian device! Forget not the voice from the temple! The Christians, who claim powers over demons, bidding them go and come at pleasure, may well be thought capable to change, by the magic imputed to them, the nature of a beast.’

“‘I doubt not,’ said the Emperor, ‘but it is so. Slave! throw up now the doors of all thy vaults, and let us see whether both lions and tigers be not too much for this new necromancy. If it be the gods who interpose, they can shut the mouths of thousands as of one.

“At those cruel words, the doors of the vivaria were at once flung open, and an hundred of their fierce tenants, maddened both by hunger and the goads that had been applied, rushed forth, and in the fury with which in a single mass they fell upon Probus—then kneeling upon the sands—and burying him beneath them, no one could behold his

fate, nor when that dark troop separated, and ran howling about the arena in search of other victims, could the eye discover the least vestige of that holy man. I then fled from the theatre, as one who flies from that which is worse than death.' ”

For the stirring events which follow — the capture of Piso and Julia, the faithful services of Isaac the Jew, and the final restoration to liberty of the illustrious prisoners, upon the assumption of the throne by Tacitus — we must refer our readers to the work itself, which when they shall have eagerly devoured, they will thank the author most cordially, as do we, for the rich feast he has spread before them.

PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON SENSE. PRACTICAL RULES FOR THE PROMOTION OF DOMESTIC HAPPINESS: Containing Rules for the Married; Essay on the Relations of Masters and Mistresses, and Domestic; Rules for Moral Education, Essay on Fashions, etc. By M. CAREY, Author of the 'Olive Branch,' etc. In one volume. pp. 170. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

OF the many useful books which that warm-hearted philanthropist, MATTHEW CAREY, has given to the public, we consider the one before us, on many accounts, the very best. Bringing to his task the proper spirit, with the aid of a long personal experience, the author has been peculiarly successful in transferring to his book the most important lessons of domestic life, in a style equally terse and simple. We must content ourselves, in the way of extracts, with a selection from our author's 'Practical Rules for the Promotion of Domestic Happiness,' beginning with those for husbands:

“I. Always regard your wife as your equal; treat her with kindness, respect, and attention; and never address her with the appearance of an air of authority, as if she were, as some misguided husbands appear to regard their wives, a mere housekeeper.

“II. Never interfere in her domestic concerns, hiring servants, etc.

“III. Always keep her properly supplied with money for furnishing your table in a style proportioned to your means, and for the purchase of dress, and whatever other articles she may require, suitable to her station in life.

“IV. Cheerfully and promptly comply with all her reasonable requests.

“V. Never be so unjust as to lose your temper toward her, in consequence of indifferent cookery, or irregularity in the hours of meals, or any other mismanagement of her servants; knowing the difficulty of making many of them do their duty.

“VI. If she have prudence and good sense, consult her on all great operations, involving the risk of very serious injury, in case of failure. Many a man has been rescued from ruin by the wise counsels of his wife; and many a foolish husband has most seriously injured himself and family, by the rejection of the advice of his wife, stupidly fearing, if he followed it, he would be regarded as henpecked! A husband can never consult a counsellor more deeply interested in his welfare than his wife.

“VII. If distressed or embarrassed in your circumstances, communicate your situation to her with candour, that she may bear your difficulties in mind in her expenditures. Women sometimes, believing their husbands' circumstances better than they really are, disburse money which cannot be well afforded, and which, if they knew the real situation of their husbands' affairs, they would shrink from expending.

“VIII. Never on any account chide or rebuke your wife in company, should she make any mistake in history, geography, grammar, or indeed on any other subject. There are, I am persuaded, many wives of such keen feelings and high spirits, (and such wives deserve to be treated with the utmost delicacy,) that they would rather receive a severe and bitter scolding in private, than a rebuke in company, calculated to display ignorance or folly, or to impair them in their own opinion, or in that of others.

‘To sum up all you now have heard,
Young men and old, peruse the bard:
A female trusted to your care,
His rule is pithy, short and clear:
‘Be to her faults a little blind;
Be to her virtues very kind;
Let all her ways be unconfind,
And place your padlock on her mind.’”

The 'Rules for Wives' are characterized by similar qualities of benevolence and good sense:

"I. Always receive your husband with smiles—leaving nothing undone to render home agreeable—and gratefully reciprocating his kindness and attention.

"II. Study to gratify his inclinations, in regard to food and cookery; in the management of the family; in your dress, manners, and deportment.

"III. Never attempt to rule or appear to rule your husband. Such conduct degrades husbands—and wives always partake largely in the degradation of their husbands.

"IV. In every thing reasonable, comply with his wishes with cheerfulness—and even as far as possible anticipate them.

"V. Avoid all altercations or arguments leading to ill humour—and more especially before company. Few things are more disgusting than the altercations of the married, when in the company of friends or strangers.

"VI. Never attempt to interfere in his business, unless he ask your advice or counsel; and never attempt to control him in the management of it.

"VII. Never confide to gossips any of the failings or imperfections of your husband, nor any of those little differences that occasionally arise in the married state. If you do, you may rest assured that however strong the injunctions of secrecy on the one hand, or the pledge on the other, they will in a day or two become the common talk of the neighborhood.

"VIII. Try to cultivate your mind, so as, should your husband be intelligent and well informed, you may join in rational conversation with him and his friends.

"IX. Think nothing a trifle that may produce even a momentary breach of harmony, or the slightest uneasy sensation:

'Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Else you may die ere you have learn'd to live.'

YOUNG.

"X. If your husband be in business, always, in your expenditures, bear in mind the trying vicissitudes to which trade and commerce are subject; and do not expose yourself to the reproach, should he experience one of them, of having unnecessarily expended money, of which you and your offspring may afterward be in want.

"XI. While you carefully shun, in providing for your family, the Scylla of meanness and parsimony, avoid equally the Charybdis of extravagance, an error too common here; as remarked by most of the travellers who visit this country.

"XII. If you be disposed to economize, I beseech you not to extend your economy to the wages you pay to seamstresses or washerwomen, who, particularly the latter, are too frequently ground to the earth, by the inadequacy of the wages they receive. Economize, if you will, in shawls, bonnets, and handkerchiefs; but never, by exacting labor from the poor, without adequate compensation, incur the dire anathemas pronounced in the Scriptures against the oppressors of the poor.

'Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore,
That a lover once blest, is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel—nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish, what beauty has caught.

'The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lillies may make the men sigh:
But roses, and lillies, and sighs pass away;
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

'Use the man that you wed, like your fav'rite guitar;
Though there's music in both, they're both apt to jar.
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch!
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

'The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand;
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command.
Exert with your husbands the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd at your will.

'Be gay and good-humor'd; complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind:
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquest improve,
And Hymen will rivet the fetters of Love.'

GARRICK.

The miscellaneous rules for both husbands and wives, must close our extracts. We should regret that they were so few, but for the fact that the little book itself is generally extant, and that the reader, from these 'samples,' will be induced to seek for kindred specimens at the fountain head :

"I. Should differences arise between husband and wife, the contest ought not to be, as it unfortunately too frequently is, who shall display the most *spirit*, but who shall make the first advances, which ought to be met more than half way. There is scarcely a more prolific source of unhappiness in the married state, than this *spirit*, the legitimate offspring of odious pride, and destitution of feeling.

"II. Perhaps the whole art of happiness in the married state might be compressed into two maxims — 'Bear, and forbear;' and 'let the husband treat his wife, and the wife her husband, with as much respect and attention, as he would a strange lady, and she a strange gentleman.'

"III. I trust much caution is scarcely necessary against flirtations, well calculated to excite uneasiness, doubts, and suspicions, in the heart of the husband or wife of the party who indulges in them, and to give occasion to the censorious to make sinister observations; and it is unfortunately too true, that the suspicion of misconduct often produces full as much scandal and evil as the reality.

'Trifles light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs from holy writ.'

"It is a good rule of reason and common sense, that we should not only be, but appear to be, scrupulously correct in our conduct. And be it observed, that however pure and innocent the purposes of the parties may be at the commencement, flirtation too often leads to disastrous results. It breaks down some of the guards that hedge round innocence. The parties in these cases are not inaptly compared to the moth fluttering around a lighted candle, unaware of the impending danger. It finally burns its wings, and is thus mutilated for life. 'He that loveth the danger, shall perish therein.' 'Lead us not into temptation,' is a wise prayer; and while we pray not to be 'led into temptation,' we most assuredly ought not to lead ourselves into it. I know these remarks will be charged to the account of prudery; but at the risk of that charge, I cannot withhold them.

"IV. Avoid all reference to past differences of opinion, or subjects of altercation, that have at a former day excited uneasiness. Remember the old story of the blackbird and the thrush. 'I insist it was a blackbird.' 'But I insist it was a thrush,' etc.

"The preceding rules, if as closely followed as human imperfection will allow, can hardly fail to secure happiness. And should only one out of every ten readers profit by them, I shall be richly paid for their concoction.

"I cannot conclude this brief essay better, than by adding the following admirable advices of Julia de Roubigné to her daughter, shortly previous to her death :

"Sweetness of temper, affection to a husband, and attention to his interests, constitute the duties of a wife, and form the basis of matrimonial felicity. These are, indeed, the texts from which every rule for attaining this felicity is drawn. The charms of beauty, and the brilliancy of wit, though they may captivate in the mistress, will not long delight in the wife. They will shorten even their own transitory reign, if, as I have seen in many wives, they shine more for the attraction of every body else than of their husbands. Let the pleasing of that one person be a thought never absent from your conduct. If he love you as you would wish he should, he would bleed at heart should he suppose it for a moment withdrawn; if he do not, his pride will supply the place of love, and his resentment that of suffering.

"Never consider a trifle what may tend to please him. The greater articles of duty he will set down as his due; but the lesser attentions he will mark as favors; and trust me, for I have experienced it, there is no feeling more delightful to one's self, than that of turning these little things to so precious a use.

"Above all, let a wife beware of communicating to others any want of duty or tenderness she may think she has perceived in her husband. This untwists, at once, those delicate cords which preserve the unity of the marriage engagement. Its sacredness is broken for ever, if third parties are made witnesses of its failings, or umpires of its disputes."

The volume is neatly printed, in a cheap form, and embraces many articles, of a useful and practical tendency, not enumerated in the title, as quoted above. We commend the work to the public in general, as one eminently worthy of wide circulation and heedful perusal.

THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM, of Nantucket. In one volume, 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS work 'comprises the details of a mutiny and atrocious butchery on board the American ship *Grampus*, on her way to the South Seas, in the month of June, 1827, with an account of the recapture of the vessel by the survivors; their shipwreck and subsequent horrible sufferings from famine; their deliverance by means of the British schooner, *Jane Guy*; the brief cruise of this latter vessel in the Antarctic Ocean; her capture, and the massacre of her crew among a group of islands in the eighty-fourth parallel of southern latitude; together with the *incredible* adventures and discoveries still farther south, to which that distressing calamity gave rise.' There are a great many tough stories in this book, told in a loose and slipshod style, seldom chequered by any of the more common graces of composition, beyond a Robinson Crusoe-ish sort of simplicity of narration. The work is one of much interest, with all its defects, not the least of which is, that it is too liberally stuffed with 'horrid circumstance of blood and battle.' We would not be so uncourteous as to insinuate a doubt of Mr. Pym's veracity, now that he *lies* 'under the sod;' but we should very much question that gentleman's word, who should affirm, after having thoroughly perused the volume before us, that he *believed* the various adventures and hairbreadth 'scapes therein recorded. Such a capacious maw would swallow, as indubitably veritable, a story we have recently read or heard, of a serpent killed in the East Indies, in whose body was found, neatly dressed in black, the chaplain of an adjacent military station, who had been missed for a week.

HOW SHALL I GOVERN MY SCHOOL? Addressed to Young Teachers; and also adapted to assist Parents in Family Government. By E. C. WINES, Author of 'Two Years and a Half in the Navy,' and 'Hints on a System of Popular Education.' In one volume. pp. 309. Philadelphia: WILLIAM MARSHALL AND COMPANY.

THE author of this volume, as preceptor of the 'Edge-Hill School,' New-Jersey, not less than by his published writings on education, has acquired high and deserved celebrity, as an accomplished instructor, 'thoroughly grounded in all good works,' connected with the religious, moral, and intellectual welfare of children and youth. The little book under notice, supplies, we think, an important desideratum. The plan of the author was, to make it practically useful; to produce a manual which might be at all times safely consulted, in aid of that most necessary branch of the teacher's duties, government. And in this he has entirely succeeded. The law of kindness—not unmixed with sternness, when required, which is then but kindness—appears to be our author's guide. The volume is printed in a convenient form, and with a neatness of execution that would do no discredit to the richest annual.

A VOICE TO YOUTH. Addressed to Young Men and Young Ladies. By Rev. J. M. AUSTIN. In one volume. pp. 390. Utica: GROSH AND HUTCHINSON.

IF good inculcations, various in kind, yet all essential, conveyed in plain, simple, and chaste language, with important directions in relation to the education and general conduct of youth, of both sexes, be deemed worthy of extension, we look to see the little volume before us widely disseminated. It claims, and justly, to inspire a spirit of cheerful devotion, a correct taste, and a pure and affectionate morality among the rising generation.

EDITORS' TABLE.

INTERMINGLED LEAVES OF NOTE-BOOK AND TRAVEL. — Reader, by your leave, we will resume our leaves, as we sit in the light of a transcendent morning, not yet fully dawned in its glory, surveying — whenever, for a moment, the music of the pen ceases — from an upper window of the 'Pine Orchard House,' the magnificent scene spread out below. A white fog-serpent, a hundred miles in length, is undulating his humps along the Hudson, and with head erect, is moving gradually on toward Albany. The clouds, born of yesterday's shower down the mountain, arose bright beneath us this morning, having washed their faces clean in their own rain during the night; and now they hang far below, saturate with sunlight, like illuminated billows of floating cotton. Toward noon, perchance, they will gather together again, and flecking with shadows the wide expanse beneath them, as they sail along, suddenly pause and 'discharge their cargo,' the husbandman rejoicing the while, that at last,

'The gathered storm is ripe, the big drops fall,
And sun-burnt meadows smoke, and drink the rain.'

We have just been fancying the prospects of grandeur and beauty which may be commanded from the dawn-tipped mountains that bound the view on the north and east — the Green Mountains of Vermont, old Monadnock, and the mighty hills of the 'steady land,' which rise between us and the distant river, that, calmly gliding, parts the abrupt peaks of Holyoke and Tom — the wide-spread fields, the peopled villages, humming with busy industry, the shining streams, and the white churches, upon which they look down. Come hither, ye cockneys, and denizens in populous cities pent, and inhale this mountain air! How many a languid form, lying in sadness upon a bed of pain, awaiting his only solace, the footstep of his physician, 'with healing in the creak of his shoes,' would bless this invigorating breeze! What a contrast to the city is here! There, a red-nosed man, with a sandy peruke, walks about the few small and dusty patches of faded green, (called 'parks!') and tapping the reclining pedestrian with his baton, points to a by-law of the city's fathers, suspended from a stunted tree, where frowns denouncingly, '*Keep off the Grass!*' There, the guttural airs, hot and sultry, would penetrate the obtusest olfactory, though guarded by a dense moustache, bristling 'like the horns of a centipede;' airs embracing every variety of *mauvaise odeur*, from the green mantle of the standing pool, to the most piquant cat-effluvia. Here, on the other hand, the whole city, placed on the vast plain below, would dwindle to a speck, and all the nations of the world might there stand assembled, without jostling. Here, there is no elaborate dirt. Here, the mountain wind,

'Most spiritual thing of all the wide earth knows,'

would well nigh revive the dying. But we are forgetting that the Catskills need not our blazon, and also our note-book. Yet must we advise, that the Kauterskill be visited, inasmuch as the scenery around is grand and picturesque, though the fall is little to speak of. It is only slightly 'of the water watery.' The height, however, from which the small stream descends, is an attractive feature in the scene, and doubt-

less gave rise to the following impromptu apostrophe, by a distinguished Philadelphian, which we copy from a mutilated ms. before us, ending abruptly in a hiatus :

'Fall down ye falls, before this greater fall,
Glen's, Miller's, Hadley's, Baker's, Jessup's — all!
Bow down your heads, all ye of minor sort,
For of this fall ye all of ye fall short :
Foam, fret, and fidget, roar and make a splash,
Yet Kauterskill will beat you all to smash !'

Although well pleased with His Eminence, the King of the Catskills, we must bid him adieu, and pass, in fancy, from his principality.

You were to join us, at Auburn, reader, if you remember. Well — as we reached from the east, by a level road, the natural basin in which the town reposes, its rim a narrow horizon all around, the *coup d'œil* was imposing, by reason of the gloomy, castellated prison, that loomed frowningly on the north-western suburb, the handsome churches and public edifices, whose white steeples and domes gleamed and flashed in the noontide sun, and the rows of solid stone structures that lined one or two of the principal streets ; while the Owasco river, rushing through the village, with a sharp gurgling roar, added a picturesque feature to the scene. The growth of the town has been gradual, but steadily progressive. It has known no retiring ebb ; and its internal improvements, of rail-road and canal, with other prominent causes, bid fair greatly to enhance its importance. An estimable friend, himself a pioneer in the region, and a distinguished promoter, in various ways, of the town's prosperity, and justly honored therein, kindly accompanied us through all its borders, impressing us, among other things — not less by his own well-planted, flower-gemmed, and fruitful grounds, than by those of his neighbors, on every hand — with the belief, that with great internal advantages, quiet industry, and good morals, must also be associated good taste and general refinement, to afford a correct estimate of the town, and the character of its citizens. One thing, in passing, we must not omit to mention, since the reader is not altogether uninterested in the matter. From the well-stored and judiciously selected library of our obliging friend, we received a literary treasure of rare value — being none other than a mss. volume, written before, or nearly simultaneously with, the invention of printing, by one PETRUS POTERIUS. Whence it came, no one knoweth. Its dingy leaves smell of vanished centuries, and its antiquated orthography would seduce a guffaw from a Quaker. Its contents are very various, and embrace much that is quaint and rich. It is, in short, one of those isolated fragments of ancient literature that sometimes

'Float down the tide of years,
As buoyant on the stormy main
A parted wreck appears.'

But more of this book anon. In introducing portions of it, hereafter, to the reader, we have concluded to imitate certain credible novelists and tale-writers of the day, and state, that the volume was handed to us in the street by a person in a snuff-colored coat, much worn, wearing a red wig, and green goggles, who had been a great traveller, and who found it in the hand of a mutilated mummy, that was brought to him for purchase, by two Arabs, when he was in Egypt.

THE morning was clear and cool, as we rolled over an indifferent turnpike, to where the green Cayuga clasps its verdant shores. There was a fat gentleman in the coach, with a face solemn as a Herculean man, who emulated Horace, in the 'Old English Gentleman,' and 'made a joke.' Owing to the roughness of the road, he was induced to remark, that the most delicate girl could not occupy a seat in that vehicle, without very soon becoming a 'bouncing lass!' This was voted 'from fair to middling,' by a flour-merchant, and laughed at by all ; but the obèse reposed on his laurels. He had flashed out like a fuzee, and did not shine again until we reached Rochester.

Passing the flourishing villages of Seneca Falls and *Waterloo* — appropriate and tasteful name, and *so* American! — we reached the beautiful lake, Seneca, covered with 'white-caps,' and rolling its clear blue waters, in miniature surf, against its green headlands. Eminent Geneva, for which nature has accomplished every thing, and art *comparatively* little, was soon gained and left behind, reposing in loveliness, in the backward distance, in beautiful relief against the swelling uplands and sparkling waters. A succession of well-tilled farms, of waving grain and verdant meadows, brought us to an eminence, whence was commanded, what time the driver watered his thirsty cattle, a noble view of Canandaigua, gently ascending beyond the picturesque lake from which it derives its name. We presently reached the village, one of the most charming inland towns in the state; so singularly beautiful, indeed, as to have been worn out in description by every transatlantic and American tourist who has had the good fortune to visit it. We have therefore nothing to say on the subject, fruitful as it is.

THROUGH a country of unsurpassed fertility, past hundreds of wheat-fields of from two to three hundred acres — green grain-prairies, without a solitary 'stump' or obstruction — to Rochester. It was dim twilight, as we rolled over the upper bridge that crosses the Genesee, and entered the city. The streets through which we had already passed, and others stretching outward around us, the dimly-described steeples, the lights moving across the aqueduct, and gleaming from the bridge beyond, and the hum and bustle on every hand, all conspired to impress a stranger with the extent and importance of the town. Yet did this 'dim-obscure' view awaken no expectations which the day light was to dissipate. As we stood on the roof of the Eagle House, on the following morning, and surveyed the town, with its scores of noble stone mills, skirting the river on either hand; its broad and handsome streets, and the crowds who thronged them; its beautiful churches and public buildings, we could scarcely realize that twenty years ago, not a single building reared its head within all this crowded metropolis! Yet such is the astonishing fact. But, purposing to renew this topic in detail, in an early number, in a review of the excellent history of Rochester, by the indefatigable Mr. O'REILLY, of that city, we pass it for the present.

THROUGH the considerate attention of an obliging friend, we visited the notorious BARRON, in the city prison, together with the spot where his cold-blooded crime was perpetrated. It is a singular coincidence, that at the moment we are transcribing these hurried memoranda, the murderer is standing in the immediate conflux of two eternities, and Time is shaking his almost exhausted hour-glass before his startled eye. He has not an hour to live! So young, and yet already at the bottom of the down-hill of life! We were admitted to the prison, through the courtesy of the jailor, and after passing the lower ranges of cells, ascended a flight of stairs, to another tier, in which were confined Barron's two accomplices, whose trials are yet to take place. Ascending still higher, we arrived at an iron door, which opened to a large and well-lighted apartment, in the centre of which, chained to the floor, sat the murderer, on a rude bench, with another before him, on which lay a few books. His countenance was youthful, fresh, and smiling; but his eye had the gleam of a genuine devil in it, and sufficiently evinced, that under the roses of youth may flourish the thorns and briars of sin and crime. He was slowly notching his few days of life, yet he was wholly unconcerned. The bloom flourished on his cheek, for there was as yet no canker at his heart. Still, it was thought, as he gradually drew near the gallows, a tree on which desperate courage sometimes hideously blossoms, his spirit would melt, and his demeanor undergo a change. As one of our party passed behind the victim, to see how the organs of his skull had been tuned by the hand of Providence, we glanced at a volume he had laid down as we entered. It was a light French work, in the original, and, if we remember rightly, a play of Molière. These evidences of his stolidity, in connection with a manner and

conversation, thoughtless, indifferent, and even gay, prepared us for the report of our phrenological amateur, who pronounced him a perfect negation of all goodness. He had never before encountered such hillocks of iniquity. No wonder he had overleaped the highest moral fences. His head would outrival the cast of Fieschi, the infernal machine maker to His Majesty Louis Phillippe. We bade the murderer a last farewell, and pausing a moment in the female department, a perfect 'harem-scarem,' at times, if we may judge from its two or three occupants on this occasion, we descended to where minor offenders against the pockets of society obtain their board and lodging at the town's expense. As we walked leisurely by a grated door, a flushed countenance and unquiet eye flashed suddenly upon us, through the iron bars. It was a face to be remembered, for it had 'a smack of Tartarus and the souls in bale.' It was of a man in confinement for shooting his wife, in cold blood. She was still lingering upon the borders of the grave, and, woman-like, refused to criminate, by her testimony, her brutal husband. * * * As we were emerging from the prison, a representative from those conclaves of miscreancy in which crime is concocted, accumulations of humanity which ferment and reek like compost, in all large cities, was pointed out, leisurely engaged in carrying out the plan of Mr. M'Adam, with a long-handled hammer. He was a bit of a wag, we were informed, whose wit had often stood him in good stead. He had been repeatedly before the city authorities, for divers misdemeanors, and each time promised well for the future; but although he always kept his countenance, he never kept his word. On one occasion, he was just about to be sentenced, with other sansculottists, as a common vagrant, when, with the most imperturbable *sang froid*, having suddenly harpooned a good idea, he pulled from a capacious pocket of his tattered coat a loaf of bread, and half of a dried codfish, and holding them up, with triumphant look and gesture, to the magistrate, exclaimed: 'You don't ketch him *that* way! I'm no wagrant. An't them 'wisble means o' support,' I should like to know?' The argument was a *non sequitur*.

CANAL-PACKET travelling has one advantage, at least. It is a *quiet* mode of journeying. You sit on the bow of the boat, and listen to the gentle gurgle of the water, as it is parted by the narrow prow, and gaze far down to the bottom of the inverted firmament, a huge cerulean punch-bowl, reflected in the calm water, while the transposed steeds flourish their legs upward, in the same medium, in defiance of all known laws of gravitation. But the heat, when the boat pauses, is insufferable; inasmuch that our friend, the obèse, longed for the ability to get out of the flesh, for a time, that he might sit in his skeleton, and let the air pass coolly through his ribs. * * * We arrived at Lockport at sunrise. It is a well-built, flourishing village, and the capital of a rich landed county. The locks which elevate the canal at one point upward of seventy feet, form one of the prominent attractions of the town. We tarried here, however, for a brief space only, but were presently rushing in a rail-car toward the Great Cataract, with thick-beating heart, and a glow of excitement that was worth a principality. The railroad track lies, for the most part, through a dense wood, opening, as you near the Falls, to glimpses of the vast stretch of country to the north, bounded by the dimly-blue Ontario. For the last three miles, you ride along the very bank of the Niagara, looking far down upon the abyss of turbulent waters, of a whitish-green, the hue of a robin's egg. At length, a half-mile chasm, scooped out from the left bank, discloses to you, for one brief moment, the Wonder, at some two miles' distance.

WE have beheld it! The impression that for fifteen years we had carried in our mind of the Falls of Niagara, was dissipated in a moment, like a wreath of its own spray, and we cannot recall of it the faintest remembrance. The scene opens a new sensation in the mind, as a chemist discovers a new earth or mineral. Good reader, be not alarmed. We are not going to attempt a description of Niagara. This has been done already in these pages, by an abler pen than ours, and another cometh after, that shall

put both to the blush. Only this let us say, passing wholly the glorious 'rapids,' that as you stand beneath the American Fall, and look upward to that resistless flood which seems to tumble down from the very 'abyss of heaven,' and see the hissing spray-foam rush upward as if an hundred steam-boilers had burst at your feet, accompanied by a roar, 'ringing chaos, as on the day the winds were made;' but more than all, when you behold, from *under* Table-Rock, the linked lakes of the west leaping to that awful grave, and find even that 'sheet,' which from the American side looked like a mere dripping border of the torrent, (and it is no more,) pregnant with earthquake and tornado, you will receive into your soul ideas of grandeur, and power, and sublimity, such as you never experienced before. Why, the 'Astor House,' as immense a granite pile as it is, would be swept into the foaming vortex upon which 'Biddle's Tower' looks down, as though it were a very feather!

HEREAFTER, it is our intention to date the memorable occurrences of existence from one momentous epoch — 'the year that we were taken prisoner by the British!' We crossed the boiling torrent of the Niagara, half blinded with the wind-drifted spray, circling about us in rain-bow fragments — the roaring cataract rolling before us, looking, in such glimpses as we could obtain, like a great green cylinder — and having thoroughly surveyed the British side, and passed under 'the sheet' — incurring thereby woful affrightments, by reason of the green mermaidenish dresses, the dense sulphurous atmosphere, the big eels, the 'hell of waters,' and the voice of the great deep broken up — we reached the western ferry at nightfall, on our return. Here we were shown a proclamation of Governor ARTHUR, damp from the press, forbidding communication with the American side, without a passport. And for this, we were to march to headquarters, at the Pavilion, a mile and a half, up the Niagara bank! Happily, a jolly companion beguiled the walk of its dreariness, by discovering new points of interest in the scenery. He pronounced them *irresistible* — as indeed they were. We could not choose but see them; our orders were imperative, and the views were all in our way. A passport was easily obtained from Col. TOWNSEND, the commanding officer, and we soon found ourselves snugly ensconced in the 'Eagle House,' a superior establishment, let us add, in passing, whose supervisor, beside being a gentleman, and a lover of cleanliness and all good order, has under him one who knows all the new practices of cookery and culina; who is deeply learned and thoroughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all sauces, sallads, and pot-herbs, whatsoever. It will be difficult for visitors at the Falls, during the warm season, to enjoy themselves, and keep cool and comfortable, without FANNING!

SLIPPED up to Buffalo, by rail-road, (passing famed Chippewa, Schlosser, and Navy Island,) to spend a night. After OLLAFOD's minute and graphic picture of this princely town, and the surrounding scenery, a reference to it here is quite unnecessary. At the American Hotel, (built of granite, after the manner of the 'Astor,' and most sumptuously furnished,) we gathered an idea of what Buffalo bade fair to become anon, from the steam boat circulars suspended in the vestibule. The towns of the upper lakes, Sault de St. Marie, Mackinaw, Green Bay, Milwaukee, Chicago, and the ports of Lake Erie and Detroit, have, by direct communication, their commercial outlets at Buffalo. Who can foretell its destiny? What is deemed extravagant prophecy now, will be pronounced faint and timid prediction, in the short space of ten years. * * * Greatly enjoyed a theatrical story, related here, which was fresh to us, and may be to the reader. The play of 'Hamlet' was being enacted, and thereabout of it especially where Guildenstern is employed by the Dane to play upon the pipe, just to oblige him. He is very unfortunate for the music, it will be remembered; and on this occasion he was accommodated to his heart's content. Guildenstern replied to his earnest solicitations, that since he was so very pressing, he *would* give him a tune; and forthwith accomplished, to the

best of his small ability, that sublime national air, 'Yankee Doodle,' together with certain extempore flourishes, which he termed 'the variations.'

THE passage from Niagara Falls to Rochester, by way of the Niagara river and Lake Ontario, is one of much interest and beauty. Lewiston, the heights of Queenston, with the noble monument to the brave and lamented Brock, from the top of which may be commanded a prospect of unsurpassed loveliness, the charming scenery of the river, and the fort where MORGAN, the Anti-Freemason, was confined, with the spot where he is supposed to have met his fate, are interesting features in the opening voyage. Towns which once

— 'on either side,
Smiled on each other in the peaceful tide,'

as PAULDING sings, now exchange any thing but 'smiling' glances. The border warfare has made jealous enemies on either frontier. As we passed the village of Niagara, even the juvenile 'Britishers' on the wharves indulged in terms that were scarcely civil toward the 'd — d yankees,' as we were tauntingly denominated. A thousand reports are flying, of affrays that never happened, and abuses that never existed; and on both sides, these rumors, if lost in one place, soon rise, like the currents of the fabled Arethusa, in another, 'enlarged and improved,' and the asses' ears of John Bull and Uncle Sam are egregiously gulled by the same. * * The beautiful estuary of the Niagara had widened into old Ontario, before we were made aware that there was a display of nature around us, worthy to succeed the one great Scene we had left behind. To the north and east, a black tempest, hanging low over the ocean-expanse, was marching in anger through the distance; in the north-west, a broad strip of sunlight lay bright upon the water; where

'The ocean mingled with the sky
With such an equal hue,
That vainly strove the 'wildered eye
To part their gold and blue;'

while in the west, the sun was sinking to his evening pavilion, with such a pomp of clouds as we never beheld before; rolling billows of gorgeous purple and crimson, here edged with gold, and there tipped with silver, and broken at distant intervals by long bars of light, shooting for an instant athwart the level flood. And long after the sun had set, these soft and fleecy messengers, radiant with grace and beauty, drew all eyes to their piled masses, till their unwonted loveliness, gradually fading away, was swallowed up of night. Thereafter, we walked for hours the breezy deck, filled with the fulness of calm enjoyment, arising from the time, the scene, and a very paragon of tried companions — one who possessed a fund of rich, original thoughts, thickly interspersed with the innoculations and grafts of reading and education; fullest of matter, with least verbosity; with a disposition to cream off life, leaving the sour and the dregs, and manners displaying a happy conjunction of freedom, ease, and sincerity. Moreover, he was a humorist of the first water, and withal, a good recipient of 'articles in his line.' LAMB would have rejoiced in him, for he 'understood the first time,' so often an important desideratum. If you were successful in 'making a joke,' although it were in the dark, you were not compelled to handle his cheek to see whether he understood it. His was a ready and most infectious laugh, and so hearty as to shake the very walls of flesh in which his equable and cheerful spirit was immured.

AWOKE not far from Carthage, on the Genesee, just as the blushing east was awakening to the ray of the morning. Not caring to tarry an hour or more, for the rail-cars, we walked on toward Rochester, some three or four miles distant, pausing in a charming grove, vocal with the songs of early birds, and sparkling with morning dew, to look at the lower falls of the Genesee, whose subdued voice filled the wood. Without impressing one with any great idea of power or grandeur, it must be conceded that nothing

could be more picturesque. A view obtained from the western shore, on the following day, was even more beautiful. We descended from 'Lorimer Hill'—an enchanting residence and grounds, overlooking the city on the south, and the adjacent country on the north, to Ontario—through sloping meadows, redolent with the delicious perfume of white and purple clover, to the very edge of the bank, and surveyed them with the highest gratification. The upper fall is of greater descent, yet it lacks the attractive adjuncts of its younger brother. Both, however, are respectable 'lions,' and would make the fortune of any village within fifty miles of New-York, merely as natural spectacles. Of their utilitarian qualities, we shall doubtless be called to speak hereafter. * * * The Falls of the Genessee, however, are not the only scenic attractions in the vicinity of Rochester. There is one, of such singular and various beauty, as to warrant especial mention. We allude to the suburban cemetery of 'Mount Hope,' which has recently been purchased by the city corporation, laid out, and intersected with paths and excellent carriage roads. It is a succession of gracefully rounded hills, and gradual hollows, raised and scooped by the hand of nature, on a wooded eminence, which rises some two or three miles from the town. You wind along its avenues, more deeply impressed, at every turn, with the manifold beauties of the spot, and the good taste which selected and appropriated it. Here flashes upon the eye a glimpse of the river, lapsing along its green shores, and there an opening discloses a meadow-field below; while farther onward sparkles a clear spring, that will hereafter feed the brooks which will 'run among the hills.' From the summit, you look, on one hand, far over umbrageous woods, to the blue Ontario; the city, with its steeples and turrets, lies in the foreground, softened by distance, the blue vapor of the falls rising slowly beyond, and like the 'vain shadow' of human life, soon vanishing away; and on the other, a long stretch of verdant landscape, terminating in an undulating range of pale blue mountains, bounds the view. One can imagine no lovelier burial-place than this must become, when garnished by the hand of taste and affection. Such repositories of the dead exercise a benevolent and salutary influence upon the living; and when

'Here the long concourse from the murmuring town,
With funeral pace and slow shall enter in,
To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,
No more to suffer and no more to sin,'

it will beguile death of half its terrors, to reflect, that the beauties of nature are scattered with such liberal hand about the graves of the departed.

ENCOUNTERED a contributor to *Maga*, soon after our return from 'Mount Hope,' as we stood gazing from the old aqueduct, at the magnificent scale and massive matériel and proportions of the new. 'We have seen that person before, *somewhere*,' thought we, as a thin man, of florid complexion, with a rusty coat that had once been black, and a 'shocking bad 'at,' cast a hurried glance of recognition toward us, as he swept slowly past, on the deck of a 'liner,' with an old blue cotton umbrella over his head. At once his visnomy was classified. He it was, who waited on us, one cold winter morning, with a bundle of MSS., of various kinds, with which he desired to regale the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*. He had the Scottish cast of countenance, and had been, he informed us, for several years a writer for the *Edinburgh Review*, and 'believed we should find his articles acceptable.' He seemed modest, and looked 'seedy' and needy, but not remarkably intelligent. Still, thought we, his outward form is after all but his 'husk or shrine,' and although he lacks big speech and an imperative presence, he may have a 'mind that makes the body rich.' And reasoning thus, we accepted a 'solid article.' Solid enough we found it! Heavy writing was evidently his forte. There was a dullness, an ultra 'sobriety of tone,' about it, that would have suited the taste of the drained and parchment intellects, who sometimes tender us gratuitous counsel, touching the proper conduct of a magazine like ours. We returned the MS. to the author, at the desk, and

desired him to leave us a light article, instead. He soon enclosed us one, in a letter remarkable for its dingy brimstone hue and odor, and its elaborate clumsiness of foldure. What a tale it was! Words can scarcely tell how feeble in invention, how puerile, diffuse, and artificial; interlarded, at briefest intervals, in the bombastic style of a stage-struck 'prentice, with dramatic misquotations, misapplied. GEOFFREY CRAYON tells us that he readily swallowed a story of the red-wigged landlady of the Red-Horse Inn, at Stratford-on-Avon, that she was a relative of SHAKESPEARE, until, in proof that his great genius ran in the family, she placed in his hand a ms. play of her own, which soon set all belief in her consanguinity at defiance. Our case was not dissimilar; and when, by appointment, on the following morning, we met our contributor, and returned to him his ms., we ventured to inquire, specifically, *what it was* he had written for the Edinburgh Review. He blushed to the very tip of his nose, an intellectual rudder of most portentous amplitude, and affected to cover his chagrin with the lax smile of a sick hyena, as he stammered out: '*I made out the index for several quarters!*' But nothing daunted by this confession, he proceeded to add: I have a ms. play, written in this country, which I should be pleased to have you purchase from me. I sent it to Mr. SIMPSON, of the Park, but he returned it the next day, with a cold note of two lines, saying that 'it wouldn't do,' or words to that effect. That, however, was because it was not an *acting* play; it is more for the closet, and you will find it to read well in print. It was composed in two nights, after the model of the 'Sea-Serpent,' which had so long a run. I call it '*The North River, or the Last Run of Shad.*' 'Would you like to —' We bowed the literary worthy out, with such courtesy as we could command; calling to mind, as he disappeared in the street, an undoubted specimen of his 'writings' in the 'Edinburgh Review Index.' It ran thus:

'Great Mind — MR. CURRAN,

188.'

Toward the bottom of this page, when sought out, was found recorded: 'Mr. Curran said he had a *great mind* to kick the intruder from his door!'

AND here we are reminded, that for the present must close our 'Intermingled Leaves of Note-book and Travel.' 'So mote it be!' saith the reader, and so say we.

'THE KNICKERBOCKER.' — We found on our business-desk, the other day, a letter from a small town in Pennsylvania, wherein the writer congratulates himself highly upon the completion of his great work, 'THE KNICKERBOCKER,' a series of '*Legands* of the Hudson River,' as he spells and denominates them. His terms, he writes, are 'extremely liberal,' being 'only \$150 for the copy-right of America!' He could get \$200 from an eminent publishing house in Philadelphia, but for personal reasons, he 'disdains their offer.' He adds, that a southern contemporary offered him nearly the entire sum required, for only *one* of the '*Legands*;' yet, desirous of publishing them entire, and looking for his 'principal remuneration' to 'Bentley, my publisher in London,' he would not be averse to take \$150, which was dog-cheap, and much less than Mr. WILLIS got for his '*Pencilling by the way and Inkland of Adventure*!' This interesting orthography is twice repeated, as are also the directions where the '*proff-sheets*' are to be sent, in case the proposed New-York publishers consent to 'bleed' handsomely for the copy-right. We were led by this letter to glance over the mss. volume. The handwriting is unexceptionable, but the spelling is 'quite the reverse;' and as for the matter, it exhibits a singular frigidity of imagination, considering its plethoric style, combined with a decided antipathy to common sense. It is, moreover, sadly deficient in grammatical purity. The young writer, for such we must take him to be, will live to thank us for preventing him from dipping his pen in the fatal ink of publication. Two years from now, he will greatly prefer honest dulness to such paltry celebrity as his book would have given him.

ORTHOGRAPHY. — THE 'YELLOWPLUSH CORRESPONDENCE.' — A correspondent sent us, some months since, as many of our readers will remember, an article upon orthography, from which we made a brief extract, wherein he advocated the omission of all letters that were not sounded, in English words, and counselled the reader to spell them just as pronounced; in short, he wished, he said, to reform the 'hul sistim' of spelling. If we had not forgotten our contributor's address, we should be glad to send him the late numbers of Frazer's London Magazine, containing the 'Yellowplush Correspondence,' written by a fashionable rascal's servant, whose orthography is quite after our friend's model. Let us quote a 'smol spesmin,' 'frinistance,' describing the 'tawsing about in the British Chanl' of the learned narrator and his hopeful master:

'Gentle reader, av you ever been on the otion? — 'The sea, the sea, the hopen sea!' as Barry Cromwell says. As soon as we entered our little wessel, and I'd looked to master's luggitch and mine, (mine was rept up in a very small hankercher,) as soon, I say, as we entered our little wessel, as soon as I saw the waivs, black and frothy, like fresh-drawn porter, a dashin against the ribs of our galliant bark, the keal, like a wedge, a splittin the billoes in two, the sales a flappin in the hair, the standard of Hengland floatin at the mask-head, the steward a gettin ready the basins and things, the capting proudly tredding the deck and givin orders to the salers, the white rox of Albany, and the bathin-masheens disappearing in the distans — then, then I felt for the first time the mite, the madgisty of existence. 'Yellowplush, my boy,' said I, in a dialog with myself, 'your life is now about to commens; your carear as a man dates from your entrans on board this packit. Be wise, be manly, be cautious; forgit the follies of your youth. You are no longer a boy now, but a FOOTMAN. Throw down your tops, your marbles, your boyish games; throw off your childish habits with your inky clerk's jackit — throw up your —'

* * * * *

'Here, I recklect, I was obleeged to stopp. A fealin, in the first place singlar, in the nex place painful, and at last compleatly overpowering, had came upon me while I was making the abuff speech, and I now found myself in a sityouation which delixly for bids me to discribe. Suffis to say, that I now discovered what basins was made for; that for many, many hours I lay in a hagony of exostion, dead to all intence and porpuses, the rain pattering in my face, the salers a tramplink over my body; the panes of purgertory going on inside?'

When dashes were much in vogue, in the time of GOLDSMITH, he denounced their use as

'An art contrived to advertise a joke,
So that the jest was clearly to be seen,
Not in the words, but in the dash between;'

but if he had lived to read the above paragraphs, he would have foresworn for ever his opposition to the dash. But to return. The cockney hero and his protégé, Yellowplush, arrive at Boulogne-sur-Mer, where the usual enjoyments of salt-watering places are most graphically recorded by the observant journalist:

'Our amusemens for the fortnit we stopt here, were boath numerous and daliteful; nothink, in fact, could be more *pickong*, as they say here. In the morning before brekfast, we boath walked on the peer; master in a blue mareen jackit, and me in a slap-up new livry, both provided with long sliding oppra-glasses. With these we igamined, very attentively, the otion, the sea-weed, the pebbils, the dead cats, the fishwimin, and the waivs (like little children playing at leap-frog), which came tumbling over one and other on to the shoar. It seemed to me as if they were scrambling to get there, as well they might, being sick of the sea, and anxious for the blessid, peaceable *terry-ferry*. After brekfast, down we went again, (that is, master on his beat, and me on mine, for my place in this foring town was a complete *shiny cure*), and puttin our tally-scoops again in our eyes, we egaminad a little more the otion, pebbils, dead cats, and so on; and this lasted till dinner, and dinner lasted till bed-time,' etc.

Mr. Yellowplush is an acute observer, and a capital describer, although 'puffically ignreant of the hart of spelling.' Take, as a sample, the following vivid sketch of a female living with a younger and more fortunate sister, in the quality of companion, or 'toady:'

'Poar thing! I'd a soon be a gally slave as lead the life she did. Evry body in the house dispised her; her ladyship insulted her; the very kitching gals scorned and flouted her. She roat the notes, she kep the bills, she made the te, she whipped the choklate, she cleaned the Canry birds, and gev out the linnin for the wash. She was my lady's walking-pocket, or rittycule, and fetched and carried her hankercher, or her smell-bottle, like a well-bred spannel. At night, at her ladyship's swarries, she thumped kidrills; (nobody ever thought of asking *her* to dance!) when Miss Griffin sung, she played the piano, and was scolded because the singer was out of tune; abommanating dogs, she never drove out without her ladyship's puddle in her lap; and, regularly unwell in a carriage, she never got any thing but the back seat. Poar Jemima! I can see her now, in my lady's *seknd best* old clothes, (the ladies'-maids all's got the *prime* leavings;) a liloc sattn gownd, crumpled, blotched,

and greasy; a pair of white satin shoes, of the color of Inger-rubber; a faded yellow velvet hat with a reath of hartifishl flowers run to seed, and a bird of parodice percht on the top of it, melumcolly and moulting, with only a couple of feathers left in its onfortnit tale.'

'Praps' we may refer to Yellowplush's history of his master again. His principles, we are told, were 'ojus,' but his manners 'beauchus.' He sang 'jewets,' wrote 'pote-ry,' was good at 'politix' and 'metafizzix,' and was considered by his servant, notwithstanding the 'kix' he sometimes gave him, as a 'gen'lmanly man,' until he got foiled in obtaining the 'proppaty' of a 'widdo and orfan,' and lost his 'inkum.' Then, Yellowplush cut him without remorse.

'THE UNITED STATES.' — An American friend and subscriber, resident in London, writes us as follows, in reference to our national cognomen. His opinions may awaken kindred impressions upon the subject of which he speaks. They are worthy of attention: 'Let me entreat you to give our unhappy country a name! Some years ago, a patriotic and commendable effort was made to adopt the name *FREDONIA*. This so far succeeded, that we are, for want of another, still partially known in Europe by it; and you may see for sale the flags of all nations illustrated on a map, with the name 'Fredonia' in connexion with our flag. The term 'United States' is very indefinite; so indeed is that of the 'United States of America,' as well as extremely inconvenient. Some 'citizens of the United States of America,' (what a wretched circumlocution!) visiting the Thames Tunnel, inserted after their names, 'Virginia.' Now whatever we may think of their intelligence, not one in ten of those whose names are there registered, ever hear of Virginia, or even know where it is. For the want of a name, too, the 'inhabitants of the United States of America' are called Yankees, and this is applied to a Louisianian as well as to a New-Englander. Passing down the Thames, the other day, a singularly curious boat came by, probably from Holland; but a *Briton*, wishing to have a jibe at our expense, cried out: 'Look at one of Jonathan's boats!' The newspapers, also, for want of one convenient word, as *Fredonia*, are driven to inexpressive and ungraceful diminutives. At home, we do not so clearly see the want of a cognomen; but any native of the United States, travelling in Europe, will keenly feel the need of a name and patronymic.'

MR. BIDDLE'S ADDRESS. — We have perused, with satisfaction, 'An Address delivered on the Fourth of July, before the Philomathean and Phrenakosmian Societies of Pennsylvania College, by JAMES C. BIDDLE.' It is a performance of much merit, far more, indeed, than we had anticipated from the opening, which, it must be confessed, was not of signal promise. Such sententious and self-evident positions as, 'Different persons desire the possession of the same thing; that which pleases one, displeases another; all cannot be gratified; some will prevail, others must yield,' etc., are by no means worthy to precede the sound argument and just views, upon various important themes, which follow. We were especially pleased with those portions of the Address which inculcate a national self-respect, without undue vanity, or vain boasting, and a general regard for the supremacy of the law of the land, in contradistinction to the wicked and arbitrary code of Judge Lynch. The ample resources of Pennsylvania, present and prospective, are well set forth, and with a natural and honorable feeling of state pride. In a brief reference to WASHINGTON, and his well known passage of the Delaware, we find the following interesting incident, associated with facts, which although not new, cannot be too often repeated:

'On Christmas night, the Delaware filled with floating ice, in a storm of hail and snow, he crossed the river with a part of his army. No sooner had he reached the Jersey shore, than he was informed

that the powder had become so damp in crossing, that not one gun in ten could be discharged. Unmoved, he replied, 'Then we must trust to the bayonet.' The enemy were completely surprised and defeated. Who can describe the feelings of Washington at this trying moment! The success of our cause depended on the issue. I have heard one I dearly loved, and whose memory I revere, describe Washington at this moment. Colonel Baylor, riding up to him, said, 'Sir, the Hessians have surrendered;' he dropped the reins on his horse's neck, clasped his hands with fervency, and raising his eyes to heaven, remained for a short space of time in silent thankfulness. That American bosom must be insensible, which does not sympathize with his feelings at this moment. Collecting rapidly their scattered forces, the enemy menaced the American army, with a prompt retribution for this startling enterprise. On the 2d of January, 1777, the British army attacked Washington and his forces at Trenton. Night interrupted the contest. Keeping his camp-fires lighted, to conceal his design, and availing himself of the darkness, he eluded the vigilance of the enemy; and at the dawn of day, while they were preparing to renew the attack at Trenton, the distant roar of artillery announced to them his victory at Princeton. The effect of success so brilliant and unexpected, was electric; the drooping spirits of the Americans were revived; their courage renovated; confidence restored; and hope again cheered and invigorated their exertions.'

The Address is printed upon paper of the best hue and texture, and in the very first style of the 'art preservative of all arts.'

'NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.' — Late arrivals bring us additional chapters of this work, by the illustrious 'Boz.' This voluminous author not only sustains the promise of his past productions, but is undoubtedly improving upon the best of them. His descriptions are perfect paintings; his observation of men and things wonderfully acute, and his humor inexhaustible. As a specimen of his graphic limning, take the following, descriptive of the sleeping apartment of the pupils at Dotheboys' Hall:

'The cold feeble dawn of a January morning was stealing in at the windows of the common sleeping-room, when Nicholas, raising himself upon his arm, looked among the prostrate forms which on every side surrounded him, as though in search of some particular object.

'It needed a quick eye to detect from among the huddled mass of sleepers, the form of any given individual. As they lay closely packed together, covered, for warmth's sake, with their patched and ragged clothes, little could be distinguished but the sharp outlines of pale faces, over which the sombre light shed the same dull heavy color, with here and there a gaunt arm thrust forth; its thinness hidden by no covering, but fully exposed to view in all its shrunken ugliness. There were some who, lying on their backs with upturned faces and clenched hands, just visible in the leaden light, bore more the aspect of dead bodies than of living creatures, and there were others coiled up into strange and fantastic postures, such as might have been taken for the uneasy efforts of pain to gain some temporary relief, rather than the freaks of slumber. A few — and these were among the youngest of the children — slept peacefully on, with smiles upon their faces, dreaming perhaps of home; but ever and again a deep and heavy sigh, breaking the stillness of the room, announced that some new sleeper had awakened to the misery of another day, and, as morning took the place of night, the smiles gradually faded away with the friendly darkness which had given them birth.'

'Smike,' a poor jaded, spiritless boy, is dragged into the school-room, to be flogged for having attempted to run away from the cruel oppressions to which he had been subjected. Mr. Squeers, armed with 'a strong, supple, wax-ended, and new instrument of torture,' inquires of the culprit if he has any thing to say for himself. The scene which ensues, is not exceeded by the kindred one in Roderick Random, wherein a tyrannical schoolmaster is visited with similar punishment:

'Nothing, I suppose,' said Squeers, with a diabolical grin.

'Smike glanced round, and his eye rested for an instant on Nicholas, as if he had expected him to intercede; but his look was riveted on his desk.

'Have you any thing to say?' demanded Squeers again; giving his right arm two or three flourishes, to try its power and suppleness. 'Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough.'

'Spare me, Sir!' cried Smike.

'Oh! that's all, is it?' said Squeers. 'Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Mrs. Squeers, 'that's a good 'un.'

'I was driven to do it,' said Smike faintly; and casting another imploring look about him.

'Driven to do it, were you?' said Squeers. 'Oh! it was n't your fault; it was mine, I suppose — eh?'

'A nasty, ungrateful, pig-headed, brutish, obstinate, sneaking dog,' exclaimed Mrs. Squeers, taking Smike's head under her arm, and administering a cuff at every epithet; 'what does he mean by that?'

'Stand aside, my dear,' replied Squeers. 'We'll try and find out.'

'Mrs. Squeers being out of breath with her exertions, complied. Squeers caught the boy firmly in his grip; one desperate cut had fallen on his body — he was wincing from the lash and uttering a scream of pain — it was raised again, and again about to fall — when Nicholas Nickleby suddenly starting up, cried 'Stop!' in a voice that made the rafters ring.

"Who cried stop?" said Squeers, turning savagely round.
 "I," said Nicholas, stepping forward. "This must not go on."
 "Must not go on!" cried Squeers, almost in a shriek.
 "No!" thundered Nicholas.
 Aghast and stupefied by the boldness of the interference, Squeers released his hold of Smike, and falling back a pace or two, gazed upon Nicholas with looks that were positively frightful.
 "I say must not," repeated Nicholas, nothing daunted; "shall not. I will prevent it."
 Squeers continued to gaze upon him, with his eyes starting out of his head; but astonishment had actually for the moment bereft him of speech.
 "You have disregarded all my quiet interference in the miserable lad's behalf," said Nicholas; "returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself; not I."
 "Sit down, beggar!" screamed Squeers, almost beside himself with rage, and seizing Smike as he spoke.
 "Wretch," rejoined Nicholas, fiercely, "touch him at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done; my blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. Look to yourself, for by Heaven, I will not spare you, if you drive me on."
 "Stand back!" cried Squeers, brandishing his weapon.
 "I have a long series of insults to avenge," said Nicholas, flushed with passion; "and my indignation is aggravated by the dastardly cruelties practised on helpless infancy in this foul den. Have a care; for if you do raise the devil within me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head."
 He had scarcely spoken, when Squeers, in a violent outbreak of wrath, and with a cry like the howl of a wild beast, spat upon him, and struck him a blow across the face with his instrument of torture, which raised up a bar of livid flesh as it was inflicted. Smarting with the agony of the blow, and concentrating into that one moment all his feelings of rage, scorn, and indignation, Nicholas sprang upon him, wrested the weapon from his hand, and pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.
 "The boys — with the exception of Master Squeers, who, coming to his father's assistance, harassed the enemy in the rear — moved not hand or foot; but Mrs. Squeers, with many shrieks for aid, hung on to the tail of her partner's coat, and endeavored to drag him from his infuriated adversary. * * * Becoming tired of the noise and uproar, and feeling that his arm grew weak beside, he threw all his remaining strength into half-a-dozen finishing cuts, and flung Squeers from him, with all the force he could muster. The violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers completely over an adjacent form, and Squeers, striking his head against it in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless."

'RECORDS OF TRAVEL.' — This is the modest title of a small volume, from the press of MESSRS. OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY, BOSTON. Its contents are, 'Phosphorescent Illumination of the Ocean,' 'Voyaging on the Mediterranean,' from Naples to Palermo, from Syracuse to Malta, and from Messina to the Volcanian Islands, Pæstum, and Naples, and two sketches, 'Burying Alive,' and 'The Suicide.' These 'records' are agreeable matters enough, but the style is quite indifferent, being stiltish and sophomorical. From 'Buried Alive,' we transcribe the following account of a lady of Lyons, France, who, under the influence of a violent nervous disorder, fell into a state of seeming death, from which she fortunately aroused herself, just as she was about to be nailed up in her coffin. Her sensations are thus described:

'It seemed to her that she was really dead, yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her in this dreadful state. She distinctly heard her friends speaking, and lamenting her death, at the side of her coffin. She felt them pull on her dead clothes, and lay her in it. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which was indescribable. She tried to cry, but her soul was without power, and could not act on her body. She had the contradictory feeling as if she were in her own body, and yet not in it, at one and the same time. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arm, or to open her eyes, as to cry, although she continually endeavored to do so. The internal anguish of her mind was, however, at its utmost height, when the funeral hymn began to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed on. The thought that she was to be buried alive, was the first one which gave activity to her soul, and caused it to operate on her corporeal frame.'

WILLETT'S GEOGRAPHY. — MESSRS. POTTER AND WILSON, Poughkeepsie, have issued a new and improved edition of WILLETT'S School Geography, accompanied by a new and correct Atlas, drawn and engraved on steel, expressly for the work. We have examined this Geography with attention, and can heartily commend it, for various excellent qualities, and especially for its freedom from the faults of over-diffuseness and confusion, which are such serious blemishes in many geographies. The descriptions of the

author are concise, his language plain, and the general arrangement of his book clear and progressive. From the commencement, the learner is obliged to get his lesson on the map; and in the book, every particular embraced in the lesson is thrice brought distinctly under the notice of the pupil; first, in describing a particular country, next in the review of the division to which such country belongs, and finally, in the general review of the entire work. The maps are neat and plain, and the typographical execution of the work unexceptionable.

'BRING FLOWERS.'—As a branch of the 'Fine Arts,' we have pleasure in calling public attention to the spacious and charming flower garden of Mr. THOMAS HOGG, Twenty-First street, near the House of Refuge. The whole place is redolent of celestial odors; and some thousand varieties of the rarest flowers, shrubs, and flowering plants, make of the spot an Eden of loveliness. Let the visitor rest in the shade of a large 'tree which stands in the midst of the garden,' while the aroma-laden gale cools his brow, and gaze around him. He will deem that some scores of bright rainbows have been broken up, and scattered, with a liberal hand, on every side.

L I T E R A R Y R E C O R D .

'THE TRIUMPH OF LIBERTY' is the title of a poem delivered before the Convention of Associated Literary and Scientific Societies, at the celebration of the late anniversary of American Independence, at Baltimore, by J. N. M'JILTON, Esq. It reaches us too late for adequate notice, though not for perusal. We have found in its pages, in connection with some blemishes, much of what we deem to be spirited and graceful verse; and can only regret that our limits will not permit us to give 'the ocular proof' of the correctness of our favorable judgment. The poem has received a tasteful dress from the hands of its publisher, Mr. N. HICKMAN.

THE 'ALBION.'—This unsurpassed weekly journal of choicest literature—unlike some of its contemporaries altogether unincumbered with much that is indifferent in prose, and worse in verse—has recently given another superb imperial quarto engraving to its readers. It is a charming portrait of M^{lle} CELESTE, as 'La Bayadère,' executed in the first style of the art. This is soon to be followed by a portrait in kind, of QUEEN VICTORIA. Such exertions to command success, are well repaid by the largest subscription list of any similar journal in America.

'INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.'—Mr. STEPHENS' 'Incidents of Travel in Greece, Russia, Turkey, and Poland,' will be published by the Brothers' HARPER, during the present month. If the reader is desirous to gain an idea of its style and character, let him peruse the 'Great Fête at Peterhoff,' elsewhere in this Magazine. It will be conceded, we think, that our author's eminent gifts *entitled* him to the honor of the distinguished 'interview' with royalty, to which, it will be seen, he merely refers, *en passant*, with the characteristic modesty of true genius!

JAMES K. PAULDING, Esq.—It is doubtless known to most of our readers, that this gentleman, to whose pen they have been indebted for much intellectual gratification and amusement, has accepted the appointment of Secretary of the United States' Navy. While they will congratulate our government upon this valuable acquisition to its councils, they will join us in the hope, and rejoice in the belief, that the duties of his high and responsible office will not prevent a favorite contributor's occasional appearance before them, in these pages.